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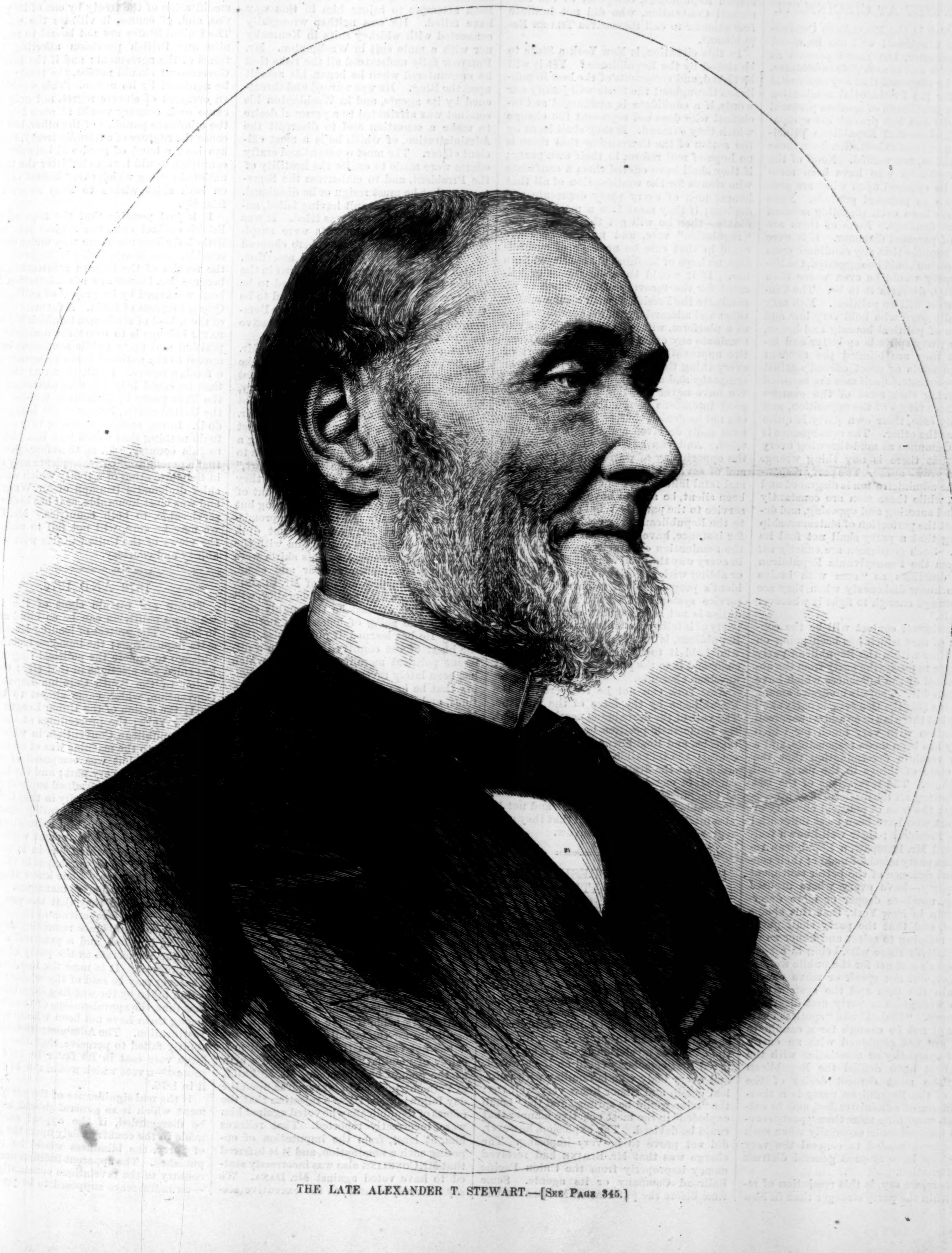

THE LATE ALEXANDER T. STEWART.—[SEE PAGE 345.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 29, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains several spirited sketches of the Prince of Wales's hunting adventures in India.*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE CONTEST AT CINCINNATI.

THE contest in the Republican Convention at Cincinnati will not be about personal character, but about persons as representatives and as available candidates. It is not to be supposed that any one would be named for the Presidential nomination who is not a gentleman of spotless personal honor, or who has not proved his sympathy with fundamental Republican principles. Argument and exhortation upon those points, therefore, are wasted. None of the possible candidates who have been mentioned can be opposed upon what are generally known as personal grounds. None of them have been even plausibly accused of dishonest dealings. None of them are suspected of personal dishonor. If it were possible to suppose that any candidate open to such suspicion could be suggested, the Republican party would be even worse than Mr. Ben Hill declares it to be. The Cincinnati contest will be political. Men may be personally pure who hold very low and lax notions of political honesty and honor, and whose party spirit is so bitter and intense that they are blinded the moment charges are made or proof offered against any fellow-partisan. Such men are satisfied with believing that most of the charges made are mere tricks of the opposition, and that, in any case, their own party is quite as honest as the other. The consequence is that they denounce as mud-throwing every assertion that there is any thing wrong. Corruption grows apace. The party responsible for the administration is disgraced and weakened, while these men are constantly denying and sneering and opposing, and declaring that the perfection of statesmanship is insisting that a party shall not foul its own nest. Such gentlemen are exactly *not* those whom the Pennsylvania Republican platform describes as "men with brains enough to know dishonesty when they see it, and courage enough to fight it wherever they find it."

The Cincinnati contest will be the continuation of that which has been going on for some time within the Republican party—a struggle to rescue the party from the absolute control of the influences which have so humiliated it. There is no desire among Republicans that the Democratic party shall succeed; but there is a deep and wide-spread dissatisfaction with very much for which the party has been made responsible, and a perfectly resolute determination that the present state of things in the party shall not continue. The revelations of the last year, following all the disclosures of preceding years; the tone of political morality of the leaders who have been most influential with the President; their well-known feeling toward Mr. Bristow, a Republican reformer, as a party mischief-maker; their contemptuous defiance of the better sentiment of the party—have every where aroused a feeling, nowhere deeper or more determined than in New York, that this shame shall end, and that the party shall purge itself by refusing to select and honor as its representatives those who, being in a position to speak and act for the public welfare and honor, did not speak or move except to sustain the men and the system that have so wronged the party and disgraced the country. "Claims" and "spotless character" will not be enough for a candidate if they are not combined with an entire want of sympathy or association with the things that have defiled the Republican name. The most earnest desire of the masses of the Republican party is a thorough reform of administration, and to satisfy that, something more than "party services" is indispensable, especially when such services have tended to conceal the very evils which have aroused general distrust and indignation.

Nowhere, we say, is this resolution of reform within the party stronger than in New York. But it is strong among the mass of the party, not among those who "run the machine." Now it is the mass of the party who cast the votes. They support the machine or they stay at home. And it is a small minority of that mass which determines the election. It is conceded that New York will be the great battle-field of the campaign. Its thirty-five votes will be the chief prize in the contest. The State is now Democratic. Its Governor is one of the most accomplished politicians in the country. He is, moreover, the one conspicuous Democrat in the country who is known as a reformer. Although, as we said last week, the election of last year did not show that he was cordially sustained by his party, the elections to the Democratic Convention of this spring show how complete is his present ascendency. His chance for the Presidential nomination of his own party is to-day very much better than that of any other Democrat, and there is no man in that party for whom a dissatisfied New York Republican could so easily vote. We know stanch Republicans, delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, who did not hesitate last summer to call themselves Tilden Republicans.

In this situation, is New York a State to be risked by the Republicans? Yet it will be risked, and thousands of the best Republicans throughout the State will justify our words, if a candidate is nominated at Cincinnati who does not represent the change which they demand. If they shall learn by the action of the Convention that there is no hope of real reform in their own party; if they shall have offered them a candidate who stands for the continuation of all that honest men of every party deprecate and deplore; if they must face a machine candidate—then he will get the machine and "regulation" vote, and no more. There could in that case be no hope of enthusiasm, no hope of kindling the old Republican fire. If it would be a dangerous experiment for the recovery of this State to renominate the President, with all the misfortunes and miscarriages of his administration as a platform, will it be essentially safer to nominate any candidate who represents entire approval and unswerving support of every thing that has alienated Republican sympathy and aroused Republican distrust? We have never questioned or doubted the good intentions of the President. But it can not be denied that, at least, he has been most sadly deceived and disastrously counseled. And can any one who, having had the opportunity of warning and protesting and of saving him from grievous mistakes and fatal influences, has either approved or been silent, be said to have rendered great service to the party? What greater service to the Republican party could any Senator, for instance, have performed than resisting the nomination of Shepherd, or sustaining in every way the good work of Mr. Bristow, or aiding with sincerity and vigor the President's proposal for a reform of the civil service system? To have failed in such duties is not a great party service. For a party of intelligence and patriotism, like the Republican, is most truly served by those who hold it to the highest standard, and commend it to the proud support of its most unselfish elements.

New York can not be recovered to the Republicans by the force of the machine. The vote of the State is too nearly balanced, the Democratic position here is too advantageous, and Republican independence and courage too inflexible, to permit the supposition that the State can be carried by any candidate merely because he is nominated at Cincinnati. He must represent all that honorable Republicans demand, and not be absolutely identified with all that they most regret and deplore and disavow.

SLANDERS OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

The constant attacks made upon Mr. Blaine by the Democratic press since his speech upon the Amnesty Bill show that among the prominent Presidential candidates he is not considered the least formidable. It was to be expected, therefore, that some apparently grave charge would be brought against him to implicate him in some of the illicit transactions which are continually brought to light. Indeed, a charge has been in preparation for some time. It was mysteriously hinted and whispered that somebody could an if he would, and every body who is familiar with political gossip and rumor knew very well that the "mine would be sprung" and the "bomb exploded" in the most effective manner that could be devised. The explosion, however, did not prove to be very imposing. The charge was that Mr. Blaine had received money improperly from the Union Pacific Railroad Company or its agents. Some time before the publication Mr. Blaine had heard of it, and wrote the following letter to a friend:

> "House of Representatives,
> Washington, D. C., *March* 22, 1876.
>
> "My dear Friend,—Yours received. I beg you will not be disturbed by Washington rumors respecting myself. The story of my ever having received money or any thing else of value from the Union Pacific Railroad Company, or any of its officers or agents, is not only false, but absurd. There is not the remotest foundation for it, and I can scarcely conceive that any one would be credulous enough to believe it. It has been circulating in Washington for some weeks past in an indefinite, irresponsible, and intangible way. Whenever it shall assume form and shape and publicity, it will receive a conclusive answer. Meanwhile I trust you will hold a peaceful mind.
>
> "I shall never be injured by stories of this kind.
>
> "Sincerely yours, J. G. Blaine."

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* very truly says that no injurious story about any eminent candidate for the Cincinnati nomination will be believed at this time unless the testimony is conclusive. The stories about Mr. Bristow have already perished. They were well known at once to be the work of the Ring and its retainers upon whom the Secretary has made such vigorous and successful war. Both attempts to injure him in this way have failed. He was neither wrongfully connected with whiskey suits in Kentucky nor with a mule suit in Washington. Mr. Bristow fully understood all the risks that he encountered when he began his assault upon the Ring. He was warned and threatened by its agents, and in Washington his conduct was attributed to a personal desire to make a sensation and to discredit the Administration, of which he is a most efficient officer. The most constant and crafty efforts were made to excite the hostility of the President, and to embarrass the Secretary, so that he must resign or be dismissed. The direct lie and assault having failed, another contemptible trick was tried. It was declared that the Democrats were suspiciously fond of him. But as there chanced to be no evidence to sustain the assertion, it died without an echo. Indeed, just in the degree that Mr. Bristow has seemed to be strong with the Republican party, and to be the possible or probable candidate, the Democratic press has done its little and abortive best to injure him.

The same plan is now tried with Mr. Blaine, and the effort merely convicts the plotters of stupidity. It might perhaps not be impossible to invent some plausible story, but the mud of pecuniary fraud will not stick to Mr. Blaine more closely than to Mr. Bristow. Whatever may be said against him, he has never been accused of being a fool. The very objection of many critics to the ex-Speaker is that he is "too smart," "too much of a politician." And do they not think him smart enough to keep out of evident and open traps? Well-meaning but dull men may easily fall into a compromising position, but Mr. Blaine is not dull. There was an effort to smirch him with the Crédit Mobilier scandal, but his skirts were proved to be absolutely clear and clean. Indeed, the sharpest critics of Mr. Blaine, who deny him a high political morality, will not deny that at least he thoroughly comprehends the *policy* of honesty, if nothing more. He has learned, if nobody else, that the heart of the country is set upon a different political morality from that which has been lately revealed; and it is the feeling that he has the courage of his perceptions, and would carry his faith into practice, which commends him as a candidate to many who would otherwise not favor him.

Mr. Bristow and Mr. Blaine have both acted wisely in promptly meeting and refuting the preliminary slanders aimed at them. Should either of them receive the Cincinnati nomination, the failure of these early calumnies will discredit all which would be produced during the campaign.

AN INTERNATIONAL CLOUD.

The pending difference with England in regard to the Ashburton Treaty shows that very important questions may at any moment arise between the countries, and the nomination of a gentleman of the peculiar accomplishments of Mr. Dana was especially necessary. It was doubtless the natural desire of the Secretary of State to have in London a master of state questions and of international law which called his attention to a gentleman who was otherwise not less admirably adapted to the position. His rejection has made it more difficult to find a candidate for the ordeal of the Senate, but it has not changed the necessity and propriety of nominating precisely such a man as the Senate has rejected. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, implied in his remarks upon the day following Mr. Dana's rejection that the names of Republicans who voted against him were incorrectly reported. That relieves him, at least, from the imputation of opposing such a nomination, and it is inferred that Mr. Conkling also was incorrectly stated to have voted against Mr. Dana. We say inferred, because, as the executive session is secret, no Senator will directly disclose its proceedings. But there are ways of ascertaining, and as it is indirectly known that Mr. Conkling did support Mr. Shepherd, and did not support Judge Hoar, it may be assumed upon the same indirect authority that he did not oppose Mr. Dana.

Meanwhile the Secretary of State has written a very decided letter to the British Government upon the question of the extradition of Winslow. The Ashburton Treaty provides for the mutual surrender of accused persons in both countries, upon a properly legitimated demand, for the purpose of carrying them home for trial. The form of the demand is an authentic statement of some offense charged against the criminal laws of the country making the requisition. Upon this demand the surrender has hitherto been granted. But a British law, passed but a very few years ago, and since the negotiation of the treaty, requires from the United States something in the nature of a pledge that the person accused shall, if surrendered, be tried only for the offense specified in the requisition. This is, in fact, a modification of the treaty by one of its parties, and, of course, it vitiates the whole. The United States are not bound to recognize any British provision affecting the terms of the agreement; and if the British Government should persist, the treaty will be annulled by its action. This would be an occasion of sincere regret, not only because each country would at once become the criminal's paradise of the other, but because the rupture of a friendly treaty, which has been a bond of good-will between the countries, would tend to imbitter the international feeling which every honest citizen on both sides wishes to keep sweet and friendly.

It is just possible that the tone of the British cabinet upon the subject may be a little lofty because there was undoubtedly considerable dissatisfaction in England with the results of the Geneva arbitration, and because Mr. Disraeli's administration has been weakened by its project of calling the Queen Empress of India. A favorite device of the school of statesmen to which Mr. Disraeli belongs is to overcome domestic opposition and unite public sentiment by an appeal to the national honor as menaced by a foreign power. If Mr. Disraeli thought that he could help his administration and the Tory party by fomenting trouble with the United States, he would not hesitate to do it. In any case, he would be very careful to do nothing that would look like yielding to this country. It is, therefore, possible that a peremptory correspondence may close in the abrogation of a treaty which was the chief diplomatic triumph of Mr. Webster, and was most honorable, as it has been most serviceable, to both countries. Mr. Fish, we may be sure, will not fail to maintain the views of the United States with equal ability and courtesy.

1872 AND 1876.

There are certain signs of the times which no politician can be so blind as not to heed. The protest of leading Massachusetts Republicans; the immense meeting in Chicago to oppose the political ring which has ruled the elections in that city; the division in the South Carolina Republican Convention, which came almost to bloodshed; the action of the Union League Club in New York; the proceedings at the New York Republican Convention, in which the opposition to the machine was of no section of the State, but was composed of representatives from every part; and the hearty, wide-spread, and determined support which the conduct of the minority in that Convention has received from the voting masses of the party and from the best Republicans, all show that there is a movement within the Republican party which has in it the elements of party victory or defeat in the great election of the year. None know this more surely than the party managers. None know better than they that the protest in the party is not a repetition of that of 1872, which was a deliberate renunciation of the party as hopeless, and a practical alliance with the Democrats as the party of reform and progress. It is none the less true that whatever may be said of the wisdom of the action taken by the seceding Republicans at that time, the apprehensions of the sincerest among them have not been wholly without justification. The Administration has constantly failed to perceive that there was a large vote cast in its favor in 1872 under protest—a vote which would not be cast for it in 1876.

If the real significance of the party movement which is so general should, however, be disregarded, if the appeal should be made to the country solely upon the ground of party, the blindness would be terribly punished. The apparent indifference of the country to the revelations constantly made—an indifference supposed to be proved by the State elections in New England and the town elections in New York and New Jersey—is apparent only. It is due to the conviction not only that the Democratic party is not trustworthy, but that the Republican party will show by its national action at Cincinnati that it is still the organization from which government most agreeable to the genius of the Constitution and most acceptable to the patriotic opinion of the country is to be expected. And that very confidence will serve to secure the result. Those who have it, those who are resolved upon it, are, as none know better than the managers, the precise class that gives success at an election. They adhere to the party for its principles, not for its patronage, and mere party spirit does not hold them as against their patriotic convictions.

In 1872 there was no contest in the party after the Convention that nominated Mr. Greeley. The Republicans who went to Cincinnati did so because they were convinced that it was useless for them to go to Philadelphia. They had protested strongly and eloquently, but they felt that their protest was in vain. In the preceding September Mr. Schurz had announced in his Chicago speech that he could not support General Grant if he were renominated. In October there was already talk of an organized movement outside of the Republican party. In the early spring, when it was decided to call the Convention at Cincinnati, Mr. Sumner was earnestly entreated to join the movement, be made president of the Convention, and write its platform. But when he was asked if those who urged him also promised him the nomination for the Presidency, he said no, that they had other views. The Republicans who took part in the Cincinnati Convention and who supported it knew that the party action at Philadelphia was a foregone conclusion, and that the President would certainly be renominated. Mr. Sumner made his final protest and appeal in early June, for he would not formally admit that the party would take a course which he so unsparingly condemned, until the fact was beyond all question.

There is nothing like this in the present situation. There is no secession from the party. There is no breach. The protestants of 1872 have generally returned, because they now see, what they could not see then, that their objects are more likely to be attained within the party than out of it. Indeed, every man who understands the necessity of organization and combination to secure actual results now looks with confidence to the prospective action of the Cincinnati Convention of 1876. This is so plain that it is the policy of the Democratic organs to insist that the protest is hopeless, and that the Procrustean machine will stretch and shrink every dissenter to its own will. They point to the result in the New York Convention as evidence of the power of the machine. But it shows exactly the reverse—the power of the protest. The purpose of the machine at that Convention was to present a candidate as the unanimous choice of New York, and to instruct the delegation to Cincinnati to support him and vote as a unit. That purpose was defeated. And it was defeated because there was a minority which would not risk the success of the party in a State vitally important to the election, by what it considered an untrue representation of the situation to the National Convention. One of the stories told of A. T. Stewart is that he reproved a clerk for telling a customer that a certain calico would wash. "It will not wash," said Stewart, "and you know it, and I will not have a falsehood told to sell my goods." The clerk replied that if Mr. Stewart had any such sentimental and impracticable notions of trade as that, he would never get on in business, and left him in disgust. Mr. Stewart persisted in saying to every customer that his calicoes would not wash, if that was the fact, but that he had others that would. He has just died one of the richest men upon the continent. The amount of the disgusted clerk's fortune is not known. The minority at Syracuse took Mr. Stewart's ground, and we hope that they are no more doubtful of the prospective result than he was.

A SCHOOL ELECTION IN CONNECTICUT.

The circumstances of a recent school election in Bridgeport, Connecticut, are very suggestive. It had been decided previously that the school districts should be consolidated under one management, and the election of which we speak was that of a school committee. There were two tickets. One was composed equally of Republicans and Democrats, and the other was partisan and sectarian. The excitement was very great. The polls were kept open until eleven o'clock in the evening. About three thousand one hundred votes were cast, and the non-partisan ticket succeeded by a majority of four hundred. The significance of this election is its bearing upon the school question. A great many newspapers are constantly sneering that there is no school question. A great many Democratic orators inquire, loftily, who wishes to touch the schools. The reply to each remark is obvious. There is a school question, as such an election as that in Bridgeport shows, and it is the interest of the Roman Church which wishes to touch the schools. Indeed, it is absurd to question it, because the hierarchy frankly and fully declares its purpose and its reasons. We have often stated them in these columns, and they are entirely familiar to the very audiences of which the question is so loftily asked.

There is another common evasion of the fact, which consists in the assertion that neither of the great political parties is opposed to the school system, and that consequently any allusion to it as a political question is impertinent and unjustifiable. But again the Bridgeport election instructs us. There were two tickets. One was non-partisan, the other partisan. The partisan ticket was sectarian. That was the statement of the telegram. No name of a sect or of a party was mentioned. But had any reader the slightest doubt what sect and what party were intended? Did any body suppose that it was the Presbyterians, or Methodists, or Unitarians, or Baptists, or Episcopalians, who had made an alliance with Republicans to make a sectarian ticket? Even if it should prove to be so, the general understanding of every reader of the telegram was that it was a Democratic ticket for the furtherance of the Roman projects upon the schools, and that conclusion shows the reason for practical apprehension in regard to the schools. If the fact should prove to be that the sectarian ticket was Republican and of some of the Protestant sects, the whole country would be amazed. But if it should turn out to be a Democratic Roman ticket, nobody would be surprised.

And here we have the reason and the justification of a political declaration in favor of the public-school system as it is. It is that the enemies of the existing system never strike at it through the Republican party, and always strike at it by the Democratic party. The Roman Church is strongest in large cities and towns, and a large part of its adherents vote with the Democratic party. The strength of that party also is greatest in large towns and cities, and to retain the Catholic vote, the party managers are naturally inclined to favor the designs of those who control that vote. We do not remember to have seen in any Democratic paper any adverse allusion to the school policy which the Roman Church openly avows. There are general declamations in regard to unsectarian schools, and declarations that they can not be safely touched, and assertions that they are the nursery and the care of the Democratic party. But that the Roman hierarchy is the deadly enemy of the school system, and intends to overthrow it if it can, and that it must be resisted, we do not remember to have seen in any paper of the party which that Church and hierarchy usually favor. The school system we believe to be reasonably secure. But that security is largely due to Republican promptness in exposing the Roman hostility, and not to any Democratic denunciation of it.

OUR CIVIL SERVICE.

Our attention has been called to the following correspondence published in a letter from Washington to a Western paper. It needs no comment. It is a striking illustration of the system which degrades and corrupts the administration of the government, and which must be radically changed if we mean to put an end to corruption. An honest, faithful, diligent public officer, against whom no complaint of any kind is made, is peremptorily removed that his office may be given to another person whose "claims" have been "very urgently pressed" by "influential friends." Is it any wonder that under such a system the term "office-holder," instead of being an honor, is almost a stigma? We quote:

"General S. W. Price, of Lexington, Kentucky, has finally been removed as postmaster. Early in January he received the following letter, which was the first intimation he had that a change was desired:

"'Post-office Department,
Washington, D. C., *January* 22, 1876.

"'Dear Sir,—The President has had under discussion the matter of a change in the postmastership at Lexington, and directs me to request that you forward him your resignation. He further desires me to say that this change is not made on account of any indifference to your past services, loyalty, or present position, but solely for the reason that he wishes to give the office to another person upon the representation of several friends as to the necessities of the case. I desire for myself, also, to say that the President has no criticism to make upon your administration of the office, or upon your conduct as a gentleman, and that I acquiesce in the change simply to benefit a more needy family, but, I trust, not a less deserving one than yours. I am, Sir, very respectfully yours,

"'Marshall Jewell.

"'General S. W. Price, P. M., Lexington, Kentucky.'

"On receiving this he came here, and set the facts of the case before the President, who revoked the order for change. General Price had just reached home and settled down again when the following arrived; and although he brought on a petition twenty feet long against his removal, and the protest of all but two of the Republican members of the General Assembly, he was not able to change the order of removal. General Price served with distinction through the war, and retires as poor as he entered office:

"'Post-office Department,
Washington, D. C., *February* 23, 1876.

"'My dear Sir,—I am directed by the President to say that, after having had considerable conversation with parties from Kentucky who are interested in the affairs of that State, and after taking time to examine the case with more care, and in view of the fact that you have held the office seven years, he desires your resignation. It is hardly necessary to enter into details, as the matter has been fully discussed; and I do not need to assure you that it is not on account of any thing that the President or this department may have against you that a change is desired, but only for the purpose of giving the office to another gentleman whose claims have been very urgently pressed upon the President by many influential friends.

"'Very truly yours, Marshall Jewell.

"'General S. W. Price, Lexington, Kentucky.'"

PERSONAL.

General Dix is one of the few octogenarians still in active public life who keep up the habits of youth both in and out of doors. Whether making a new translation of "Dies Iræ," writing caustic letters on the taxation of church property, participating with his counsel in the political affairs of the time, or going out at four o'clock in the morning, when at his Long Island country-seat, to slaughter ducks and other feathered things, he is as alert in mind, if not in body, as he was when he first entered the public service sixty years ago.

—Macaulay was always fond of reverting to his college life. The only man who is said to have dominated him at Cambridge was Charles Austin, of whom John Stuart Mill wrote: "The impression he gave was that of boundless strength, together with talents which, combined with such apparent force of will and character, seemed capable of dominating the world. Austin's unparalleled success as an advocate tempted him before his day to retire from the toils of a career of whose rewards he had already had enough. On one occasion, when visiting Lord Lansdowne at Bowood, Austin and Macaulay happened to get upon college topics at breakfast. When the meal was finished, they drew their chairs to either end of the chimney-piece, and talked to each other across the hearth-rug as if they were in a first-floor room in the Old Court of Trinity. The whole company, ladies, artists, politicians, and diners-out, formed a silent circle round the two Cantabs, and, with a short break for lunch, never stirred till the bell warned them it was time to dress for dinner."

—Mrs. Harriett F. Tracy, of Buffalo, widow of the late Albert H. Tracy, has made several munificent bequests to charitable institutions in that city: to the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, $50,000, and in case of the death of her son, Francis W. Tracy, and his wife, Agnes Ethel Tracy, without issue, $50,000 more; to the Buffalo General Hospital, $150,000, of which $100,000 shall be for the erection of an addition to the building, to be known as the Albert Haller Tracy Building, and $50,000 the interest of which shall go to the maintenance of the institution; to the Buffalo Orphan Asylum, and to the Charity Foundation of the Episcopal Church in Buffalo, $20,000 each.

—The Scotch are coming up to the Yankees in the matter of bidding high for clergymen. The Clermont Street Church, of Glasgow, has given a call to the Rev. Dr. Drummond, of St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church, London, at a salary of $20,000 a year.

—Admiral Smith, the senior admiral of the United States navy, celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday a few days ago in Washington. His history is replete with wonderful incidents, and the old salt is especially fond of relating that during the battle of Lake Erie he was picked up for dead. He was only a midshipman then.

—The venerable Dr. Stephen H. Tyng has asked his people for an assistant rector, and a call has been extended to the Rev. Dr. Williams, of Georgetown, D. C., to accept the position. The rectorship of St. George's for the past sixty years has been held by but two persons, Dr. Milnor and Dr. Tyng.

—Mr. Whistler, formerly of Baltimore, but for some years a resident of London, has made a remarkable reputation as an artist and etcher. In one day, it is said, ten thousand persons visited a collection of his works.

—Mr. Edward Jenkins's new political satire, "The Blot on the Queen's Head," written and printed in eleven hours, went into its fifteenth thousand within twenty-four hours of its first publication. The English mind must be in a high state of excitement on the Royal Titles Bill.

—The *Belgravia Magazine* has passed into the hands of Messrs. Chatto & Windus, and the editorship is to change hands shortly. Among the contributors under the new management are Mr. Charles Reade and Mrs. Lynn Linton. Mr. Swinburne is to contribute a poem to the May number.

—Miss Braddon talks of making a tour in America, and giving public readings from her own novels.

—In Mr. Evelyn Ashley's *Life and Correspondence of Lord Palmerston* the following story of Sir Robert Peel is told in Lord Palmerston's own words: "We have just been sending up to the Lords from the House of Commons our bill for the security of the crown. Peel made a good hit in the debate. Fergus O'Connor alluded to the possible case of Beelzebub being sovereign, and Peel said that in that case Fergus would certainly enjoy the consideration of the crown."

—The London *Daily News* of March 31 says: "A ceremony which took place in Westminster Abbey yesterday afternoon was unique of its kind—we may say unprecedented in the history of that or of any similar ecclesiastical edifice. Dean Stanley unveiled the tablet which has been erected to the memory of John and Charles Wesley, and which, besides containing excellent medallion likenesses of those illustrious worthies, will transmit to posterity the sculptured figures of many of their successors. If the occasion was a remarkable one, the spirit which characterized the proceedings was equally worthy of cordial recognition. The dean, in his address in the Chapter-House, spoke of the Wesleys as men whom it was a privilege for the Church of England to honor, and he expressed a hope—which we wish it were possible to regard as entirely well founded—that no member of that Church would question the claim of the founders of Methodism to a memorial in the venerable Abbey. Such remarks, delivered in the presence of several hundreds of Wesleyan ministers and laymen, including the president and several ex-presidents of the Conference, can not fail to meet with a cordial response among all classes of the English people."

—The Utica *Observer* promulgates Senator Hamlin's idea of a proper schedule of postal charges as follows: "He would have a one-cent stamp for a circulair, a two-cent stamp for a sealed lettair, a ten-cent stamp for a newspapair, and a great big frank for the Senatair. Hump! Hamlin! rip and tear! Go for the friendless newspapair!"

—General Di Cesnola, United States consul in Cyprus, has made still further discoveries at Episcopi. Gold ornaments of great value were found in a tomb hundreds of years old.

—The income of Mr. Disraeli from his estate in Buckinghamshire, as officially stated in the Doomsday-book, is $7470. With the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Canning, it is believed that the income of Mr. Disraeli is smaller than that of any man who has been Prime Minister of England. Beyond his government pension of $10,000 per annum as an ex-Prime Minister, and a moderate income derived from his copyrights, he has little property. That there may not be too many gentlemen entitled to the handsome recognition of the past services of a Prime Minister, it is provided that each one thus pensioned must have served for a period of not less than two years, and that no more than four such pensions shall be permitted to exist at the same time.

—The Khedive of Egypt is the greatest speculator and operator in the East. He owns whole squares in the new parts of Cairo and Alexandria, on which he is constantly building houses. He builds hotels and opera-houses, runs steamboats and railroads, has immense sugar factories on which he has expended millions, owns a large part of the land in Egypt, and exports cotton by the ship-load from Alexandria. Yet most of his speculations have been failures, and he is frightfully in debt; borrows money at ruinous rates, and has scarcely any credit as a sovereign. Unless a sweeping reduction of expenses takes place, he must soon go into the hands of a receiver, or gracefully retire from the country, as many another royal failure has done.

—Speakers of the House of Representatives are as different in their ways of using the gavel as they are different in personal peculiarities. To use the gavel promptly, at the right time, and sparingly, is the secret of success in the chair; the slightest intemperance with the gavel vitiates quickly the power of any presiding officer. Mr. Kerr understands this perfectly; his gentle and deliberate but emphatic and forcible manner would almost enable him to dispense with the gavel in the ordinary proceedings of the House. When there is disorder, he does not add to the confusion, but sits quietly in the chair, tells the House, in a pleasant tone of remonstrance, that "there is so much confusion in the hall that it is impossible to go on with the business of the House," and remains silent until the members settle in their seats and perfect quiet is restored.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, April 10, amended and passed the House bill to provide for a deficiency in the Printing and Engraving Bureau of the Treasury Department, and for the issue of silver coin of the United States in place of fractional currency. On the 12th the House concurred in the Senate's amendments, and on the 13th the President signed the bill. In the House, a bill was introduced appropriating $5,872,850 for the improvement of harbors and rivers. Of this amount $200,000 is for the improvement of the East River and the removal of obstructions at Hell Gate.—The new Postal Bill was passed by the Senate, April 12. It applies solely to third-class matter. The new rate will be one cent an ounce for all packages weighing four pounds or under, without regard to the distance to which they are sent. It will be allowable to write upon such packages the names and addresses of the senders, with the word "from" above or preceding it, or to write briefly or print on any package the number or names of the articles inclosed. Publishers of newspapers and periodicals will also be allowed to print on the wrappers of the newspapers or magazines sent from the office of publication to regular subscribers the time to which the subscription therefor has been paid. The rate for transient newspapers and magazines, without regard to distance, is to be one cent for every three ounces or fractional part thereof, and one cent for each two additional ounces or fractional part thereof. The law is to take effect, should it be accepted by the House, on the 1st of July next.

The will of the late Alexander T. Stewart has been filed in the Surrogate's Court. It bequeaths most of the property to Mrs. Stewart, who is charged with the completion of her husband's charitable plans. Judge Hilton is to close the partnership affairs, and is to receive $1,000,000. Six of the oldest employés in the house receive $5000 each, and eight of his domestic servants get $15,500, in sums ranging from $500 to $5000 each.

The colored people's memorial statue of Lincoln, in Lincoln Square, Washington, was unveiled April 14.

FOREIGN NEWS.

An official telegraphic dispatch from the Governor of Bosnia reports that a battle has taken place near Kjevacs between the Turkish troops and 1000 insurgents from the Austrian bank of the Save. The insurgents were routed, with a loss of 300 killed and wounded. The Turkish loss was trifling.

The plague is increasing at Bagdad, where, on March 26, thirty new cases and ten deaths were reported.

Upward of 20,000 colliers are on a strike in South Yorkshire against a fifteen per cent. reduction of wages.

The British bark *Emma L. Oulton*, from Baltimore for Queenstown, was abandoned at sea, March 13, in a sinking condition. All the crew were saved.

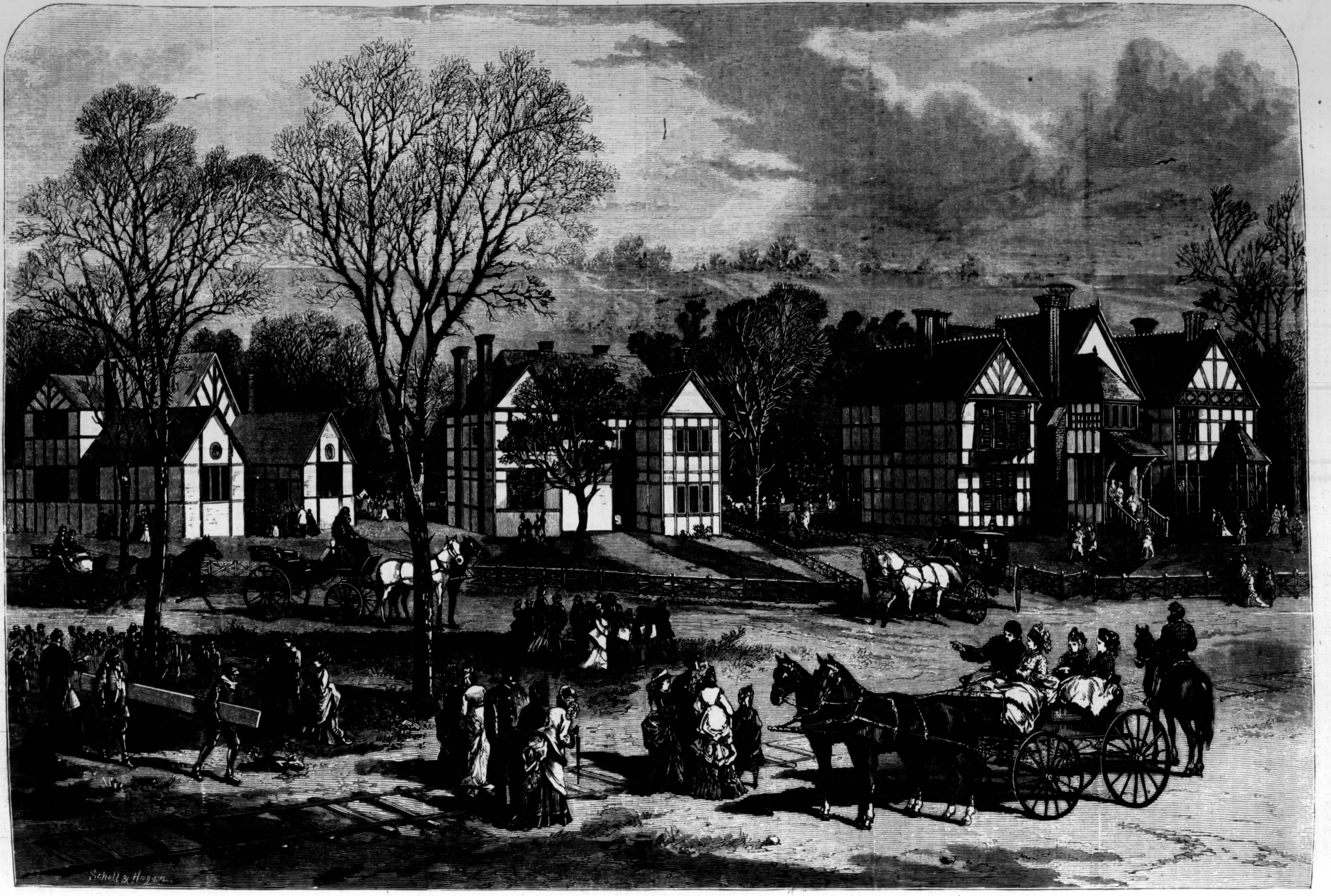
A heavy snow-storm occurred in parts of England April 13. Seven inches of snow fell in Nottingham, and nearly a foot at Sheffield. In North Wales also the ground was covered to a considerable depth.

The Pope threatens the immediate withdrawal from Madrid of the papal nuncio if Article Eleven of the new Spanish constitution is adopted.

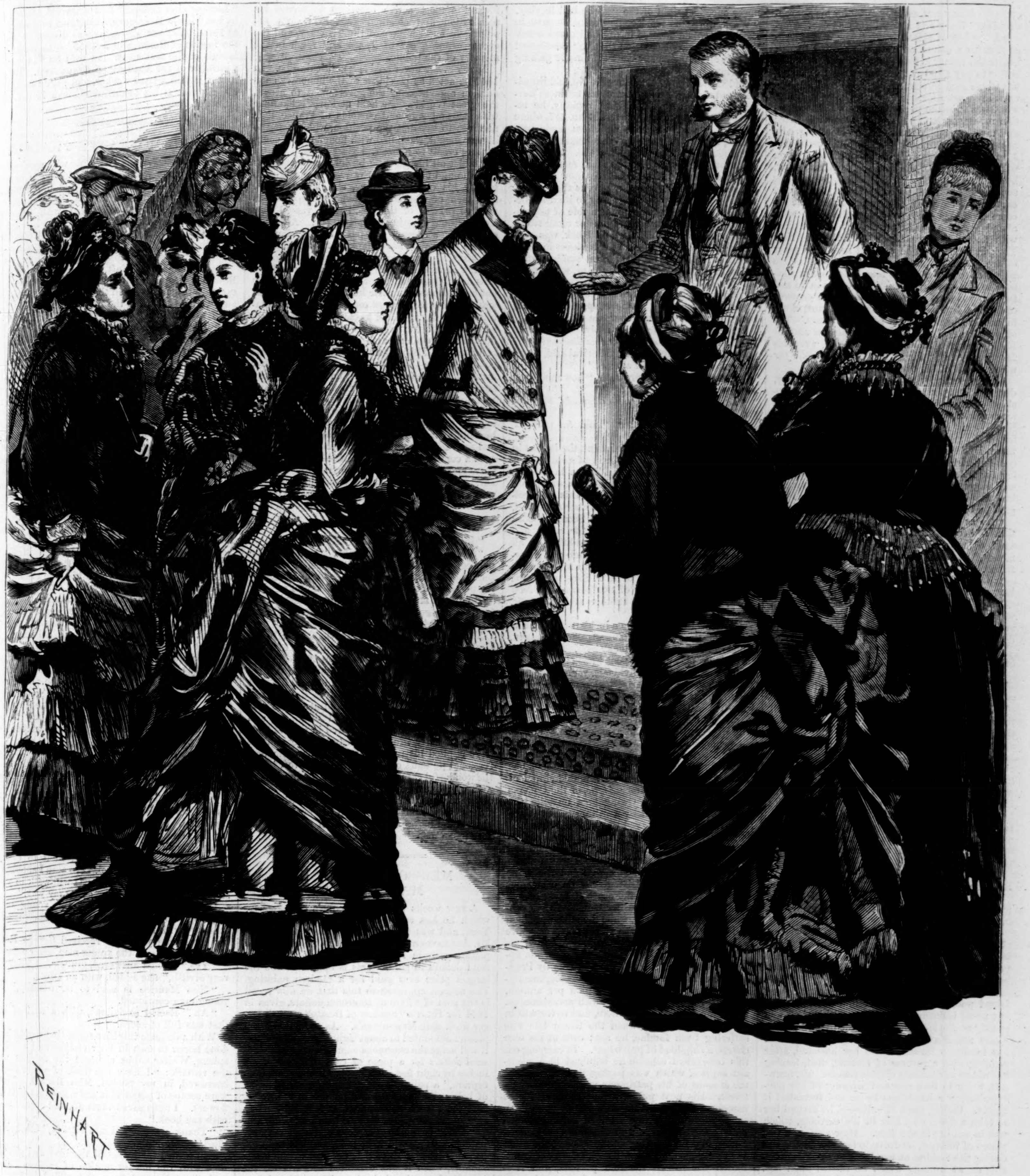
In France no such wintry weather has been known at this season for fifty years. The snow is very deep at Bordeaux and Marseilles.

The French Senate, April 10, resolved not to discuss the amnesty question until a decision has been reached by the Chamber of Deputies.

All the members of the new Italian cabinet have been re-elected to Parliament by a nearly unanimous vote.



ENGLISH COTTAGES ERECTED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT ON THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS, PHILADELPHIA, FOR THE ROYAL COMMISSION.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 354.]



ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF MR. STEWART—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE TENTH STREET STORE.—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.]

ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

Five Americans, now deceased, achieved a national reputation, if not, indeed, a fame world-wide, by their vast accumulations of wealth. The youngest but one of the five discovered a secret for which misers might sigh in vain—the art of keeping a great fortune for himself for all time. The poor shop-boy of Danvers, who by "diligence in business" has "stood before kings," was doubtless familiar with the ancient epitaph, "What I spent I had, what I gave I have, what I kept I lost," for he retained but little and gave much—distributing during his lifetime to public charities nearly eight million dollars. What an example he has left to the rich men of the world! They see in the love that will preserve George Peabody's memory and keep it forever green an invocation to follow his example; and they read in the successful development of Peabody's princely benevolences the proof that the benefactor of two continents, whose statue now adorns the commercial capital of the Old World, and whose splendid educational fund will prove a far more enduring monument in our own stricken South, will never vanish from the roll of good men.

John Jacob Astor, Stephen Girard, John Macdonough, and George Peabody, as well as others among the living, have achieved a national reputation, but it may be doubted if any American citizen, native or foreign born, won such world-wide fame for wealth as Alexander Turney Stewart, the greatest merchant of this or any other land, who died in this city on the 10th of April. He was born at Lisburn, in the County Antrim, Ireland, a few miles from Belfast, October 12, 1803. His ancestors, as his appearance and name both indicated, were of the land of Bruce and Burns, and with his blood he inherited the spirit and latent power of that Scotch-Irish race which has been dominant in the north of Ireland for two centuries, and which has furnished Great Britain and America with so many men distinguished in different walks of life. It has produced four Presidents of the United States and seventeen Governors of single States. It has given to the nation, among scores of lesser luminaries, the soldiers Mercer, Montgomery, Morgan, Knox, Jackson, and Sheridan; in oratory, Patrick Henry, Calhoun, and M'Duffie; in statesmanship, Hamilton and Madison; in invention, one name will suffice—it is that of Robert Fulton. The Scotch-Irish was perhaps the only race of all that settled in the Western World that never produced a Tory. When Washington, crossing river after river with his broken army, was asked how far he meant to retreat, he answered that if he were obliged to pass every mountain and valley to the limits of civilization, he would make his last stand with the Scotch-Irishmen of the frontiers.

Stewart's father, who was a farmer, died when he was three days old, and before he was eight years of age his sister passed away to the "silent land," leaving him, like Logan, alone in the world, with no nearer relative than a maternal grandfather. This excellent man, a pious member of the Protestant Church, took the orphan boy to his heart and home. Thus early bereft of his parents, he was fortunate in having the judicious guidance of a grandfather who combined great native shrewdness with a cultivated intellect and a kind heart. Observing his grandson's predilection for study, and his remarkable aptitude in acquiring knowledge, he decided to give him a liberal education, with a view to his entering the ministry, and accordingly sent him to an academical institution at Belfast, where he was fitted for college. As the poet of Rydal Mount has told us, the child is father of the man, the truth of which was never more clearly shown than in the case of Alexander T. Stewart. In the play-ground as well as in the school-room he resolved to be first. With a frame not robust, but yet lithe and active, he was foremost in physical games and intellectual pursuits. From the Belfast Academy he proceeded to Trinity College, Dublin, where, with the tenacity of purpose which was a marked characteristic of the man and the race to which he belonged, he reached and maintained the position of leader of his class. At the expiration of his second term in college his worthy grandfather died, disarranging his plans, and leaving the ambitious young student alone in the world, to repeat Outalissi's lament:

> "All have perished. I alone am left on earth,
> To whom nor relative nor blood remains;
> No, not a kindred drop that runs in human veins."

His college studies thus suddenly interrupted, he spent a few months with a Quaker friend, who was appointed his guardian. He was indeed a friend to the orphan boy, and to his kindly advice and the instructions of his maternal grandfather the great merchant attributed much of the success of his after-life. His Quaker guardian obtained a place for him in a wholesale and retail grocer's shop in Belfast. Stewart was to serve for four years, and pay £400 for his apprenticeship. Wary and shrewd then as ever afterward, the boy of sixteen said, "No; I prefer to go first for a month on trial, and see if I like it, before the money is paid; and I think it would be better to pay £100 per annum instead of giving the whole sum in advance." "When I entered upon my apprenticeship," said Stewart, "my first work was to make paper bags, in which occupation my fingers and nails were filled with paste; and my next employment being something connected with molasses, I became so disgusted that I returned to my guardian, saying I would go on with my studies for the ministry." Abandoning, however, all thoughts of the ministry, the young scholar determined to cross the Atlantic, and carve out a career in the New World. The income from his patrimony furnished him with abundant means, and, provided by his guardian with letters of introduction, he arrived in New York in 1820, when he was but seventeen years of age. At this time Stewart had no distinctive plans for the future. He found pleasure in society; in field-sports; in studying, with a mind matured beyond his years, the people and customs of the Western World; in travel; but, most of all, in the indulgence of his scholarly tastes. The study of the language and literature of ancient Rome, and still more ancient Greece, were his favorite pursuits during this easy and *dolce far niente* period of his career.

In this desultory way several years glided by, during which time he temporarily filled the position—but without compensation—of classical teacher in a school situated in Roosevelt Street, New York. He was thus employed when he attained his majority, and decided to return to his native land to receive his patrimony, upon the income of which he had been living. Before sailing for Ireland, he was advised by a gentleman, well known as a buyer at auctions for several business houses, to invest his fortune in Irish goods, as a sure method of making money.

"Do as I tell you. Go to Belfast, buy insertions and scallop trimmings, spend your ten thousand dollars in them, and you'll double your money," was the parting advice of his business friend.

It was followed by the young scholar, who ere long arrived in New York with his purchases.

"You have done just the thing," said his friend, when they met. "Scarcely any of these goods are in the market. In great demand. Sure to double your money. Where are they?"

"Brought them on the ship with me," said Stewart.

"That's lucky; we'll open a store at once."

"Who do you mean by we?"

"You and I will be partners, of course."

"Not at all," answered Stewart. "You sell the goods I bought, pay me back my money, and that's all I ask. I bought them for your benefit, and not with a view to any profit for myself."

It is unnecessary to pursue the dialogue. Accident made him a merchant. His experienced business friend insisted upon their sharing the profits, and further, that they should open a store together, Mr. Stewart acting as salesman, while he would buy other goods at auction for the establishment. No. 283 Broadway was hired at an annual rent of three hundred and seventy-five dollars, and Mr. Stewart entered upon his business career.

A few days before the store was opened, Mrs. R——, a lady friend, said to him,

"You must not sell any thing till I come and make the first purchase, for I will bring you luck."

True to her promise, she drove up in her carriage at seven o'clock on a sunny October morning in the year 1825, and purchased goods of the young merchant, principally Irish laces, amounting to two hundred dollars.

He had one clerk at that time, his experienced friend purchasing goods for him for a season, but never becoming a partner, and his shop was exactly twelve and a half feet wide by thirty deep. Years rolled away. Mrs. R—— removed with her family to Dublin, where her husband, after meeting with a reverse of fortune, died, leaving his widow in destitute circumstances. Mr. Stewart, being in that city and learning of her poverty, bought a handsome house and furnished it neatly. Calling upon Mrs. R——, he invited her to take a drive with him in his carriage, which was in waiting at the door. After visiting a few places of interest, he drove to her new house, and during the residue of her life she lived comfortably on an annuity which he settled upon her. Truly, if Mrs. R—— brought luck to the young merchant, that first morning's purchase was a lucky one for her.

There was another incident connected with the sales on the opening day at No. 283. His clerk was severely reprimanded for representing to a customer what he knew to be untrue, and he was told that a repetition of the offense would insure his dismissal. This was related to a gentleman who asked the eminent merchant to what he attributed his great success in life. "That I have conducted my business from the first on the basis of truth. Truth, truth," he added; "and if I have an earthly wish or desire greater than another, it is that in this respect my example may be commended and followed by young men entering into business, and especially by young merchants." To the incorporation into his business of "the golden rule," added to the natural aptitude for business which the young merchant almost immediately developed, and his incessant application—for he early learned and acted upon Dr. Franklin's sagacious advice, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself"—may be attributed his rapid attainment of wealth unequaled in the nineteenth century.

Fond of fishing and shooting, the great merchant lately told the writer that he had not fired a gun or landed a fish since he began business fifty-one years ago. From that day forward he never once lost sight of the goal he had in view. "Work, work," is the laconic advice he gave to those who would succeed in life, and to the writer he said on a recent occasion that he "considered honesty and industry the chief aids in the gaining of fortune."

In 1826 Mr. Stewart removed to No. 262 Broadway, and three years afterward, his business having increased with astonishing rapidity, he removed to more spacious quarters at No. 257, where many of our readers have doubtless made purchases, and where the young merchant laid the foundation of his immense fortune. Seventeen years later he removed to the large marble store on the corner of Chambers Street, now occupied by the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. as their wholesale house. His trade continuing to increase beyond all parallel, and the up-town tide of population requiring a different location for retail trade, a new store, occupying a whole block, was constructed of iron, and opened for business in 1868. Said the proprietor of the largest similar establishment in England to Mr. Stewart, who was in his store on one of his recent visits to Europe, accompanying his remark with a patronizing look, "We hear you have a fine shop, Mr. Stewart, but of course it does not compare with this."

"No, Sir," was the quiet reply, "it does *not* compare with this, for it is *about six times as large.*"

Greatly astonished, his English rival said, "And how much do you sell in a year?"

"Tell me first," said Stewart, "how much you sell."

"Last year I sold two million pounds' worth of goods," was the reply.

"And I," said Stewart, "sold *ten millions' worth.*"

In addition to this establishment, the largest in the world devoted to the business of a single mercantile firm, Mr. Stewart had stores in Boston, Philadelphia, and Saratoga Springs; a warehouse at Manchester, where all English goods were collected, examined, and packed; another at Belfast, for linens; one at Glasgow, for Scotch goods; warehouses at Paris and Lyons, for silks; and one at Berlin, for woolens. In addition to all these establishments, there are a number of American and European manufactories which worked exclusively for the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., consisting until recently of two partners in New York, one in Paris, and another at Manchester, England.

Mr. Stewart was always a lucky man, and, like his friends Baron Rothschild and Count Bismarck, a believer in lucky and unlucky men. Some skeptical reader may possibly pooh! pooh! at the idea of lucky and unlucky individuals, yet as sagacious a man as the late Charles Dickens was an adherent to the theory, and believed that his brother who died in Chicago a few years since was born to misfortune, while, as all the world knows, he himself went through life a lucky man. For all his openings of new stores Mr. Stewart had sunny days. Never insuring against loss at sea, he had many miraculous escapes. In one instance the great merchant ordered a valuable shipment to be made by the steamer *Arctic*, of the Collins line, which was lost. Owing to a mistake, the merchandise was sent by a sailing vessel of the same name, and he saved two hundred thousand dollars, which would have been lost had his orders been obeyed. In another instance he had sixty cases of silks and other goods which would have been ruined by being wet, and the same number of boxes of Irish linens, on a steamer which was wrecked on the coast of Long Island. The Irish goods were rather benefited than otherwise by their sea-bath, while the silks were high and dry on the side of the vessel that was above water!

The offer made by Mr. Stewart after his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury by President Grant in March, 1869, of his income, amounting sometimes to above a million per annum, electrified the whole country with astonishment. It has not been forgotten here, and never will in his native land, how, when the Green Isle was suffering from famine, he sent over at his own charge a ship-load of provisions. In carrying out this benevolent scheme he indulged in a pleasant caprice, which was paying back to Ireland the amount of his patrimony with compound interest. His next public act of charity—for he has given away unheralded thousands upon thousands—was the setting aside of several million dollars for the purpose of building two gigantic hotels, one for working young women, the other for young men. They will each afford accommodation for fifteen hundred persons, and it is thought that all necessary comforts can be covered by the small sum of three dollars per week. To the sufferers by the Franco-German war he sent thirty thousand barrels of flour, and for the relief of the victims of the Chicago fire his check for fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Stewart's last scheme of public benefaction was the purchase of Hempstead Plains, Long Island. His Christian philanthropy saw a fine opening here for the erection of comfortable homes for working-men and their families, now crowded into unhealthy tenement abodes. No more worthy charity nor productive of better fruits could be devised. The original purchase comprised eight thousand acres, and subsequent additions have increased it to ten thousand. The work is being rapidly pushed forward, and it is now a good-sized town. The vast character of the undertaking can be calculated when I state that the whole island of Manhattan comprises but fourteen thousand acres, so that Mr. Stewart was engaged in laying out streets and avenues and preparing plans for a city three-fourths the size of New York, and perfecting the means of rapid transportation to and from the city.

Mr. Stewart displayed an active interest in all measures calculated to aid and sustain the government during the late war, but never took any part in politics until 1868, when his high personal regard for General Grant induced him to put forth the most active exertions to secure his nomination and election. Mr. Stewart's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury, and the events growing out of it, are still fresh in the memory of the public.

Mr. Stewart never held any political office. In 1867 he acted as president of the honorary commission appointed by the government to attend the great World's Fair held at Paris. Familiar with the language and customs of France, it is needless to say that the position, which came to him unsought, was filled with honor to the country and credit to himself.

Amidst all his gigantic business undertakings at home and abroad, Mr. Stewart found time to gratify his artistic, literary, and social tastes. Few men of distinction, from the impecunious poet to princes of the blood royal, visited New York without enjoying his hospitality. Although above half a century has passed away since he left his loved *alma mater*, he kept fresh and green the learning of his college days, and was one of the few instances of men pursuing an active business or professional career who could find leisure not only to preserve their knowledge of the classics, but also to keep *au courant* with the literature of the day. Allied to his love of literature, he cherished a warm love for all that is rare and beautiful in modern art. In the gallery of his residence on Fifth Avenue, rivaling the historic palaces of the Old World, he gathered together many of the choicest works from the *ateliers* and studios of the most distinguished artists and sculptors of America and Europe.

One of Stewart's peculiarities was his unwillingness to have portraits of any kind taken of himself, giving, on one occasion, in a semi-jocose and semi-serious manner, as a reason, that he was such a commonplace-looking little fellow. A few years ago Bismarck sent his portrait to Mr. Stewart, requesting the great merchant's in return. A young friend, who had vainly endeavored to obtain one for himself, said, "You will be obliged to have a portrait taken now."

"Oh no," said Stewart.

"How can you avoid it?"

"Very easily," was the reply; "instead of the photograph I shall send the Chancellor a check for a thousand dollars for the benefit of the starving population of one of the districts of Prussia."

He did so, and soon after received a cordial autograph letter of thanks for his generosity from the Crown Princess.

The late Chief Justice Kirkpatrick said, "Classical learning is the road to pre-eminence and distinction in all the liberal pursuits of life." Mr. Stewart considered that, for the broad executive ability required in the management of his vast business, and the energetic grasp of its immense details, extending over two continents, he was mainly indebted to the mental discipline and skillful training of mind acquired in the studious habits of early life. The learned judge might have applied his remark to other than the professional pursuits of life had he lived to witness the wonderful career of Alexander Turney Stewart, who experienced in its broadest sense the assurance of the sacred proverbialist, who said, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." James Grant Wilson.

MEISSONIER AND HIS MASTERPIECE.

A few weeks since Meissonier's *chef-d'œuvre*, which he has entitled "1807," arrived in New York, and was placed in the gallery of the late Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, who purchased the picture early in 1875 for the sum of sixty thousand dollars in gold. This is believed to be the largest price ever paid for a modern painting. The nearest approach to this that we now recall is the sum of fifty-four thousand dollars, given in 1874 for Hunt's "Shadow of Death," a much larger work than Meissonier's. As the duty on the picture amounted to about eight thousand dollars, it will make the enormous sum of *sixty-eight thousand dollars* for a piece of canvas four feet six inches by eight feet. Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," a painting which enjoys the distinction of being the highest-priced picture in the world, cost the French government, at Marshal Soult's sale, *one hundred and eighteen thousand dollars.*

"1807" is the largest picture Meissonier ever painted. He began it in 1864, and has been engaged on it ever since that time till within a few months, when it was exhibited in Paris for the benefit of a national charity. The subject is one of Napoleon's great victories—the battle of Friedland. The Emperor is represented on the field of battle, with all his marshals and masses around him, a troop of cavalry riding up to join the magnificent throng. A regiment of French cuirassiers are seen galloping into action, with a flood of light falling upon them such as only Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier could paint.

This great artist was born in Lyons in 1812, and went at eighteen to Paris to enter the studio of Cogniet. He displayed skill in microscopic painting, but yet his merits were not at first recognized. Like Turner and David Cox and many other young artists in their early struggles, Meissonier was glad to dispose of his works for merely nominal sums. The writer was informed in Paris last summer that the painter of "1807," returning one day from a fruitless search for a purchaser, told his artist friend Daubigny of his ill luck, adding, "But the worst of it is, I would give any thing to have a game of billiards, but I have not a single sou." "Um!" replied Daubigny; "I would be happy to lend you, but the truth is I have only two francs left for my dinner this evening." "Suppose you divide with me," said Meissonier: "give me a franc, and you shall have my water-color." Daubigny accepted his offer, and the picture still adorns the purchaser's studio in Paris. The painter of the "Lecture chez Diderot" first attracted attention by his "Little Messenger," exhibited in the *salon* of 1836. Ten years later he was decorated with the Legion of Honor, and in 1855 he received two medals of the first class. In 1861 he was made a member of the Academy of Beaux Arts. Meissonier is still a hard worker, and paints most of his pictures at his beautiful château in the environs of Paris.

RACHEL MOFFATT'S SHADOW

Reuben Moffatt and Kezia his wife received a triplet of white wedding cards from the hands of their daughter Rachel, and fell into serious chat over the bits of card-board. George Reynolds, the groom, was discussed with positive knowledge, gained by acquaintance with him from boyhood. Kate Maurice, the bride, was discussed with the speculative knowledge that characterizes remarks concerning stranger brides.

Rachel Moffatt had left the room while George Reynolds was under discussion, and her mother's careful eye had observed that there was surprise, anger, almost tears in the girl's face.

"I say, Reuben," began the good man's wife, after Rachel had gone.

"Yes," assented Reuben Moffatt, signifying his readiness to hear what his wife had to say.

"I want to call your attention to our Rachel."

"You needn't call very loud," was Reuben Moffatt's answer. "My attention goes a good deal that way naturally."

"To be sure," answered Kezia Moffatt. "How could it be otherwise, and you the father of such a girl as our Rachel? I am sure I wonder that a young man like George Reynolds should look farther than such a trim, handsome girl as Rachel is, and he knows all about her housekeeping too."

"'Look farther and fare worse' is an old proverb, you know," rejoined Reuben Moffatt.

"And it's my opinion he's done worse, and deserves to do worse," said Kezia Moffatt, with anger in her eyes and tones. "I am sure I hope Rachel will get over it and go to the party."

"Get over it?" repeated Reuben Moffatt. "You don't mean to say that Rachel—" The old man paused and surveyed his wife critically.

Kezia Moffatt nodded her head affirmatively.

"Oh, nonsense, Kezia!" exclaimed the old man. "You feel unpleasant like because George Reynolds should prefer any other woman to our Rachel. It's my opinion that Rachel hadn't a thought of George Reynolds, except—"

A shadow fell on the porch, and the old man suddenly changed the subject of his remarks.

The shadow that had fallen on the porch was Rachel Moffatt's. It followed the young girl across the green fields where she walked, magnifying her sun-bonnet into an unshapely thing, and lengthening her slight figure into exceedingly lank proportions.

"Which way, Miss Rachel? Are you running away from your shadow?" asked a young man, stepping out from an oak-tree that stood midway in the field.

Rachel Moffatt gave a sidelong glance at her shadow, and said, with an effort, "We can't escape them any more than we can our thoughts."

"It's lucky for us that they are harmless things," answered the young man, with a smile. "I shouldn't think you would want to escape your thoughts, Miss Rachel. I'm sure I shouldn't. And if you have no objection, I will walk in your shadow, as you seem to be going my way."

Rachel Moffatt bowed, but the young man, glancing into her face, saw that she accepted his company with resignation.

"I presume you have received George Reynolds's cards?" said the young man, after a pause.

"Yes," Rachel answered, gravely. "They are very stylish," she added, with an effort.

"Miss Maurice is said to be wealthy," the young man continued.

"Ah!" Rachel exclaimed, with a curl of lips that was full of scorn.

With a delicate intuitive sense that would have done honor to men in finer clothes and a loftier sphere, Walter Gibbs changed the subject with the remark: "I have the book of yours that I borrowed, in my pocket, Miss Rachel. There were scraps of paper in it and some bits of faded flowers. I have saved them all, and return them with the book."

"Thank you; it did not signify," Rachel replied, indifferently.

She turned the leaves of the blue and gilt volume with the uneasy motion of restless hands, and then dropped from the gilded leaves the faded flowers. They were all alike, mere bits of pink coloring on a woody stem—pink not so deep as the color that glowed on Rachel Moffatt's cheeks at sight of the flowers.

"It is the *Cercis canadensis*, or Judas-tree," her companion remarked, picking up one of the fallen bits and pulling it in pieces.

"The Judas-tree!" echoed Rachel Moffatt, all her tones full of scornful wonder.

"Yes," the young man said, answering the wonder in her tones. "In the spring it is a tree of promise, with all its rugged branches crowded full of blossoms; but the blossoms die, and there is never fruit or beauty in fulfillment of its spring-time promise. There is but one in the village that I know of, and that is in Squire Reynolds's garden."

Looking up to see if Rachel Moffatt remembered the tree, Walter Gibbs became painfully conscious that his remark had dyed her face with tell-tale blushes, and the tale they told was about George Reynolds. Then he remembered how he had forced his company upon her, and his conscience smote him when he thought how his careless words might have added to the trouble of the girl he loved. At least she should be relieved from the annoyance of his society, and, with a sigh, he remarked:

"It was uncivil of me to join you, Miss Rachel, when you came out to walk alone. I beg your pardon. And as I have an errand down to the widow Brown's, and am going around that way, I will leave you here."

"I would be glad to have your company," Rachel Moffatt felt constrained to say.

"Thank you, but my errand is urgent," Walter Gibbs answered. "Glad to have my company!" he muttered, as he walked away—"a pretty story that, and she wishing me ten miles away, from the moment I joined her! What a poor blind fool I have been!"

The woman whose happiness George Reynolds had trifled with so wantonly walked slowly toward her home and sat down on the little low porch, watching the moon come up. She overheard her father's words as he talked to her mother:

"There's as good fish in the sea as was ever caught. It's my opinion the man who gets our Rachel will find there is better fish than George Reynolds has caught, and I'm sure Rachel will find better fish than George Reynolds, if he does think himself the biggest toad in the puddle."

Over Rachel Moffatt's sad face flitted a smile that was almost merry. To think of comparing Medbury society to a puddle, and George Reynolds to the biggest toad! Then her thoughts wandered to herself. Did her father and mother suspect her liking for George Reynolds? And Walter Gibbs—had her face tattled to him of secrets that she fain would have kept? Henceforth she would wear a mask, and hide her secrets in her heart.

She went into the house and sat down by the lamp-light. Her mask was on, and she wondered if Mrs. Reynolds had made the fruit-cake for the reception, or whether they had bought it of the baker at Medbury.

Mrs. Moffatt thought that Mrs. Reynolds would make it. She was such a hand to have every thing done up in her kitchen. "Maybe," she added, "Mrs. Reynolds would like your help in making lady-cake or something. You're such a master-hand at lady-cake, you know, Rachel. Supposing she should express herself that way, what should I say to her?"

Rachel's mask threatened to fall. To go into George Reynolds's home and help prepare for the reception of his bride was a blow for which she was ill prepared. Only a moment, and the tottering mask was up again. "Certainly, if Mrs. Reynolds should ask my help, I would go," Rachel answered. "I would be glad to go," she added, a moment after, as if she were giving the mask a final securing touch.

And so Rachel Moffatt found herself beating eggs and stirring butter and sugar in Mrs. Reynolds's kitchen, listening to the woman's garrulous chat. "Lady-cake it will be, I expect," she said, pausing in the midst of her culinary operations to watch the whites of eggs rising in a foam under Rachel Moffatt's dextrous manipulations. "And I expect she's a very fine lady we're a-making it for; but it's a matter that I wouldn't like to go no further than between us two, that I'd 'a been satisfied if George had picked out a wife nearer home. I'm sure I wouldn't 'a said a word if she who is making the cake and she who would eat the cake had been the same identical individual."

Rachel's mask shook a little, but she was a brave girl. "Oh, I am sure George's wife will be a nice lady, and I dare say we will all like her very much," she answered.

Rachel Moffatt's words were fully verified. George Reynolds's wife proved to be a very nice lady—a little delicate creature, all pink and white, whom it was impossible not to like, because she was so thoroughly amiable and lovely.

"Who is the lady in white with the pink flowers in her hair?" asked the bride of the bridegroom, the evening of their reception, as Rachel Moffatt entered the room, somewhat late. "She looks very lovely, but I shouldn't think she would like to wear flowers off the Judas-tree. Don't you know?" she asked, answering the inquiring looks of her husband. "That is the name of the tree that bears those pink flowers. I am a great botanist—don't you know that, my darling?"

The darling colored, seeing Rachel Moffatt and the pink flowers, and remembering certain words uttered beneath the shadows of the pink branches.

Rachel Moffatt was a study to another man at George Reynolds's reception. Walter Gibbs's eyes followed her wherever she moved, and he went home thinking of the mystery of womanhood as it revealed itself in Rachel Moffatt and pink flowers.

The Judas-tree had never bloomed but once when George Reynolds and his wife came to Medbury to live.

"George don't get on so well as I could expect," Squire Reynolds said; and Mrs. Reynolds hinted to half a dozen neighbors, hoping it would go no further than between herself and the one with whom she talked, that George's wife was a well-meaning, good-hearted little creature, but, bless her heart! she didn't know the first thing about housekeeping, and she hadn't any knack at making the most of her means.

George Reynolds's wife sent for Rachel Moffatt one day. "I would have come down myself," she apologized, "but really I was not able;" and Rachel, looking into her face, saw that the pink had all faded out, leaving only the whiteness of the previous year. "You see, dear," she went on, with a winning frankness, "I wasn't brought up to any thing useful, and the housekeeping don't go right, and George and I have moved out, thinking we could manage better, and it would be better for the baby. I remember what beautiful lady-cake you made for our reception, and the praises that were in every body's mouth about your cooking. And now, my dear Miss Moffatt, would you mind showing me a little, and see if I can't learn to manage better, and make George's home more comfortable? I thought I had rather ask a young person like you than George's mother even."

And so Rachel Moffatt found herself in George Reynolds's kitchen, instructing the child-wife in the mysteries of cooking, and trying to impart to her some of her "rare knack," as the people called it.

One day, as she came out of the little gate and took her way toward her own home, a gentleman passed her on horseback. Looking up, she saw a man with a full beard and good figure; a stranger she thought him until he wheeled about and exclaimed, "You're not running away from your shadow again, are you, Miss Rachel?" And the stranger was no other than Walter Gibbs.

Rachel laughed this time without effort. "They are harmless things, as you said," she replied; and then she inquired kindly after his health and stay in Medbury.

"I presume strangers occupy the cottage yonder?" Walter Gibbs remarked, pointing to the cottage Rachel had just left.

"George Reynolds lives there," Rachel answered. "I've been up to assist Kate—Mrs. Reynolds—in canning some fruit."

Rachel Moffatt's face did not color or a feature change. Either her mask was perfectly worn, or that look had ceased to be a mask.

Walter Gibbs, during his stay in Medbury, fell into his old habit of walking in Rachel Moffatt's shadow. Looking into her face as on that evening a year before, he missed the resignation it had worn then, for in it was real pleasure.

One day he sought her with a strange nervousness and abstraction in his manner. Rachel was very grave too, and Walter Gibbs saw that she had been weeping. He looked into her face with the tender solicitude that only men who love and women who have been loved know, and Rachel explained hastily. Did he not know? Had he not heard? George Reynolds's wife died suddenly that morning of heart-disease.

Walter Gibbs went home with the nervous abstraction all gone from his manner, and a hard endurance in its stead. George Reynolds was free now, free to win Rachel Moffatt if he could, and she who loved him once was free to accept him. "I couldn't be satisfied with a doubtful love," he said; "I will wait."

He waited until the Judas-trees were in blossom again, and then he went to Medbury.

"It's a-waiting on Rachel Moffatt, George Reynolds is," one of the Medbury gossips told him. "And his wife not been under the sod a year yet! They were old school-mates, and knew each other from childhood, and we used to think it would make a match before he ever married that little helpless city girl, and I haven't any doubt in my own mind but it will make a match now. Gussie Reynolds is going to have a tea party next week, and that will show which way the wind is blowing."

Walter Gibbs went to Gussie Reynolds's tea-drinking. He said to his mother he would not miss it for a fortune. Rachel Moffatt was there, walking now and then with George Reynolds, and talking with him ever and anon; but then it was Rachel's habit to be kind to every one who came in her way. Late in the evening Walter Gibbs missed her from the parlor. He looked around for George Reynolds, but he too was gone. "The Medbury gossip was right," he thought. "This tea party is showing which way the wind is blowing." He walked to the window and looked out, descrying Rachel Moffatt's fluttering garments down a winding path. George Reynolds was by her side, and the way they took was toward the south. Away off to the north the Judas-tree stretched out its pink branches in the moonlight. "The wind sets unfavorably," Walter Gibbs said, with a sigh.

Half an hour later, George Reynolds passed Walter Gibbs in the hall. His brow was clouded, and his lips worked nervously. "He looks like one on whom the north wind has blown," Walter Gibbs thought, and went in pursuit of Rachel Moffatt.

He found her standing in the moonlight, her long shadow reflected from her figure and the branch of a Judas-tree she held in her hand. He approached her, and stood where her shadow fell.

"Rachel," he said, with all his heart in his voice, "I would like to walk in your shadow henceforth, if you are going my way."

Rachel Moffatt looked up with startled eyes into the face above her; the pink flowers with their fatal significance fell from her hand, and the irregular outlines of two confused shadows, never henceforth to be parted, lay upon the greensward. In the frosts of the following winter the Judas-tree died, and the place thereof knew it no more.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL, 1876.

Sunday, 30.—Second Sunday after Easter.

MAY.

Monday, 1.—St. Philip and St. James.
Sunday, 7.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 14.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 21.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 25.—Ascension-day.
Sunday, 28.—Sunday after Ascension.
Monday, 1.—General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore; General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Atlanta, Georgia.
Thursday, 18.—General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn; Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, Savannah, Georgia.
Wednesday 24.—General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

ON the 3d of April the Pope held a Consistory, at which several new cardinals were created. There were at the close of the year 1875 fifty-seven cardinals in the Sacred College, of whom forty-nine were named by PIUS IX. The entire hierarchy consists of 1166 persons. Besides the cardinals, there are 12 patriarchs of the Latin and Oriental rites; 734 archbishops and bishops of the Latin, 50 of the Oriental rite; 274 archbishops and bishops *in partibus infidelium;* 28 patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops with no local titles; and 11 abbots with territorial jurisdiction. There were on April 3 thirteen vacancies in the cardinalate.

The taxation of church property is still discussed *pro* and *con* with much energy. In Massachusetts the bill before the Legislature providing for such taxation has been defeated. The Rev. Dr. MINER, of Boston, has put his opinion on the subject in the following neat question: "How can that be a model government which nurtures crime and taxes churches to repair damages?" Governor DIX's protest against such taxation has been read with much interest by the people of this State. It is evident that a long discussion must precede the change from our present policy of exemption, should any change be made.

Of 320 students in Amherst College, Massachusetts, all but fifty have made a profession of the Christian faith. "There have been," says the *Christian Mirror*, "with the exception of the two sermons of Dr. TAYLOR, no extra services and no protracted meetings. The classes, however, have held half-hour meetings every evening for two or three weeks in private rooms, and a noonday prayer-meeting of half an hour has been sustained with interest daily."

The bill before the New Jersey Legislature forbidding Sunday excursion trains has been defeated in the Lower House.

The attendance upon the MOODY and SANKEY services in the Hippodrome continues without any abatement of interest. It is announced that they will close April 19.

The Rev. ROBERT LAIRD COLLIER has been installed pastor of one of the Unitarian churches of Boston. Mr. M. D. CONWAY has declined the invitation to take charge of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society (formerly THEODORE PARKER'S) of the same city. The Rev. R. A. GRIFFIN, who has lately changed from the Baptist to the Unitarian faith, has preached in this city and Brooklyn "to attentive and interested" congregations. The *Liberal Christian* describes him to be "an Englishman who came to this country in 1872, about thirty-two years of age, and too hard a worker to be in very vigorous health."

Besides its Baptist Social Union, already described in this Intelligence, Boston has a Methodist Association and a Congregational Club. The last-named has two hundred members, and meets on the last Monday of every month. The president is always a layman, the office being now filled by the Hon. E. S. TOBEY. An hour is spent in free conversation and the partaking of refreshments, after which an essay is read and discussed. At the last meeting the question of the retention of the Bible in the public schools was debated very vigorously. The monthly meetings will hereafter be open to the press.

A very important suit, involving the right of a religious society to convey its property to another denomination, has been decided in Philadelphia. The case was substantially this: The Third Reformed Dutch Church, by a majority vote, transferred itself to the Presbyterians, taking the name of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church. Suit was brought by the minority of the trustees of the corporation to test the right of transfer. The master, to whom the case was referred, recommends the court to order that the property belongs to the plaintiffs, who adhere to the Reformed communion, and must be delivered to them, and that the defendants must account for all profits, rents, and issues of the property during the time of their occupancy. The Presbyterian General Assembly has already advised that no appeal be taken from the decision of the court.

In the death of the Rev. Dr. ROBERT DAVIDSON the Presbyterian Church has lost one of its most cultivated ministers. He was a native of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and a graduate of Dickinson College. In the year 1840 he became president of Transylvania University, Kentucky, and in 1842 Superintendent of Public Instruction in that State. From 1860 to 1864 he was pastor of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church in this city. His remains were taken to Carlisle for interment.

The annual meeting of the alumni of Princeton Theological Seminary, which will occur April 25, will be an occasion of unusual interest. The session will continue during the entire day. Four Centennial papers will be read: one by the Rev. Dr. JOHN C. LOWRIE, on the work of the seminary and its graduates in foreign lands; the second, by the Rev. GEORGE NORCROSS, on its work in the development of the Church at home; the third, by the Rev. Professor D. S. GREGORY, of Wooster University, Ohio, on what it has done to promote a healthful Christian literature; and the fourth, by the Rev. E. D. LEDYARD, on the relation of the seminary to the cause of education.

Two towns of Massachusetts, Hardwick and Ashby, still retain the ancient custom of levying a "minister's tax." The members of the Congregational Society are assessed for it on the basis of the town valuation of property. The tax is collectable by law. In Hardwick the rate of the tax was, in 1875, $4 10 on the $1000, and at Ashby ninety cents for the Orthodox Congregationalists, and $1 on the $1000 for the Unitarians.

The United Presbyterian Church has, through its Centennial Committee, called on each pastor to prepare a history of his church, to be completed not later than the Fourth of July of this year. In addition to the obvious facts entering into such a record, special attention will be given to the sources from which the original members of each congregation came. For the early history of the religious organizations in the United States, this latter is a point of importance. If the plan of gathering such materials for the ecclesiastical history of the United States had been adopted in good time by all the denominations, it would have secured a record of many facts which can hardly be saved if left to the accidents of oral tradition.

Church collections sometimes give trouble, as, for instance, in the Independent Presbyterian Church of Savannah, where the members of the session and the trustees wholly disagree upon that subject. The former declare that they have conscientious scruples in relation to the taking up of collections during the hour appropriated to divine worship. To relieve this scruple the trustees announced that they would defer the collection till after the benediction, and requested the congregation to tarry for that purpose. This also is declined by the session, and now there appears to be no place where the collection can come in. The trustees, however, adhere to their announcement.

The resignation of the Rev. ROBERT SPEARS, the secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, taken in connection with its cause, has called attention to the state of Unitarian opinion in England. He resisted as long as he could the proposal that the Association should publish THEODORE PARKER'S famous "Discourse on Religion," and when his opposition became unavailing, decided to surrender his official position. Mr. SPEARS reports that during his term of nine years as secretary the Association has greatly prospered. Thirty-five missionaries are now aided. The permanent property has increased from £4500 to £7500 in value.

An important meeting, which will have a connection with the Centennial Exposition, is the National Convention of the Baptist Social Unions, in Philadelphia, the last two days of May and the first day of June. A discourse reviewing the hundred years will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. HOVEY. President RAYMOND, of Vassar College, will discuss "Woman's Place in Christian Work," and President ANDERSON, of Rochester University, "The Supplementing of State Educational Work by the Churches." Numerous other essays are announced. The Convention will close with a collation on the 1st of June.

The majority of the Committee of the House of Representatives on Indian Affairs have reported in favor of transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The minority have presented some strong objections to this change. On the score of economy, the saving, in case of the transfer, would be in the salaries of the agents—about $150,000. On the other hand, the minority of the committee say: "Whatever reasons and arguments against military government in the South are valid, apply with equal force to the military government of Indians. It is as much out of place in the management of red men as of white men, and should only be resorted to when all ordinary methods have been tried and have failed." It should be borne in mind that many of the Indians have made good progress in civilization, and need to be farther trained in the duties of civil life. And as to the comparative purity of the War and Interior departments, there is nothing to be said.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE "marriage knot" among the Burmese is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each other's society, they dissolve partnership in the following touching but conclusive manner: They respectively light a candle, and, shutting up their hut, sit down and wait quietly until one is burned out. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house (and forever), taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else becomes the property of the other party.

Two Dutchmen once got into a dispute about the English language, each one contending that he could command the best. They made a bet, at length, and appointed a judge to decide between them, and accordingly they began. "Vell, Chon," said the first, "did it rain to-morrow?" "I shall tink it vash," said John. Wasn't that judge in a quandary?

Curran was once asked by one of his brother counselors, "Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

At a school examination a young tyro in declamation, who had been told by the teacher that he must gesticulate according to the sense, in commencing a piece with "The comet lifts its fiery tail," lifted the tail of his coat to a horizontal position, causing roars of laughter.

If four hound dogs, with sixteen legs, can catch twenty-nine rabbits, with eighty-seven legs, in forty-four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight hound dogs, with thirty-two legs, in seventeen minutes and a half?

Answer.

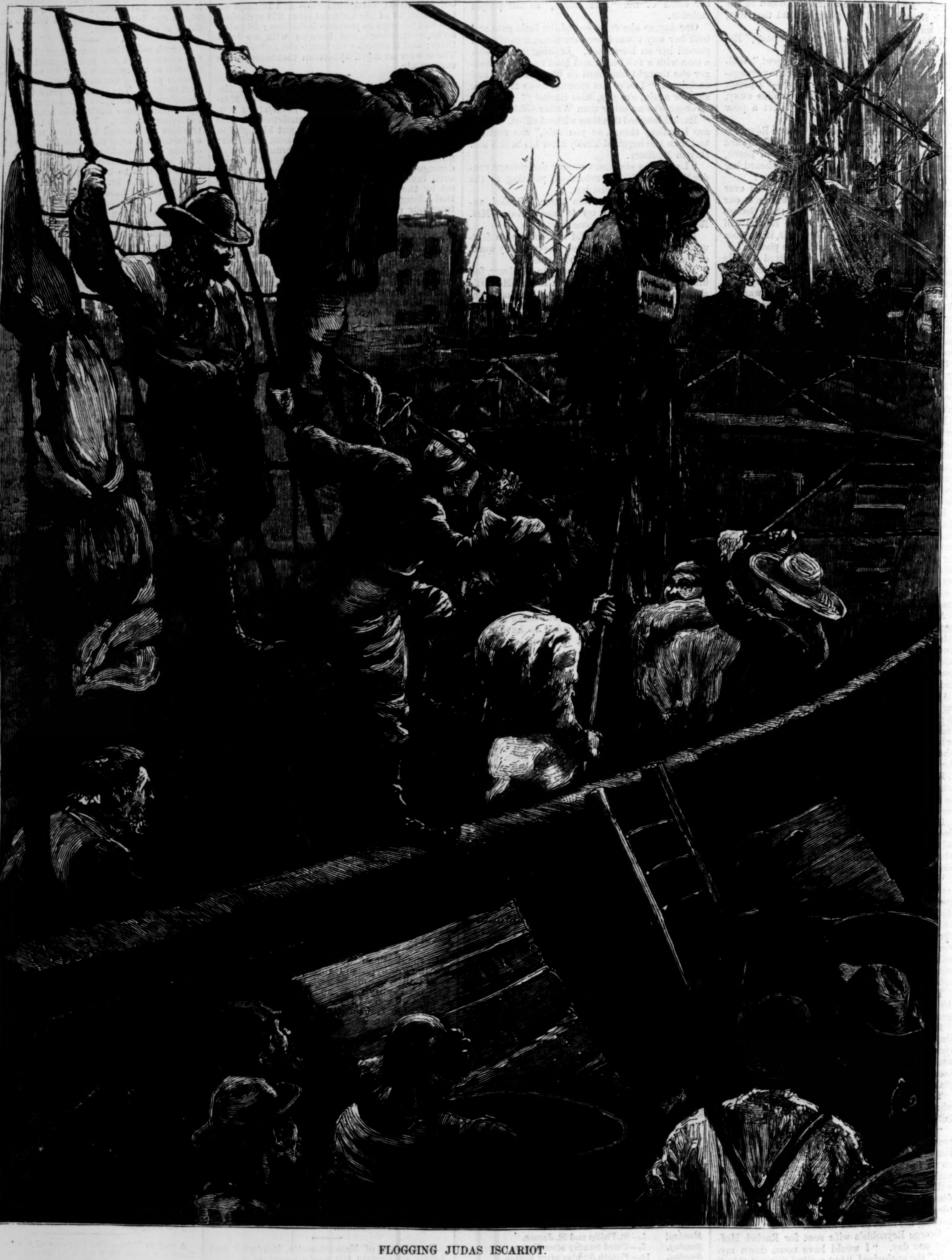
Let the three-legged rabbits, like sensible folks,
Borrow twenty-nine legs from their neighbors.
Then give them a start of a mile and a quarter,
And I'll bet you my hat, if you think that I "oughter,"
That in seventeen minutes—add a half if you please—
A school-girl will give you the answer with ease.

"How much money have you?" said a rich old curmudgeon to a gay young fellow courting his pretty daughter. "Oh, I haven't much of any thing now, but I have a very rich prospect indeed." The wedding occurred, and the old chap learned from his fine son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter.

A TRYING TIME.—Probably one of the most trying times in a man's life is when he introduces his second wife, seventeen years old, to his eldest daughter, who is past twenty.

FIT ACCOMPANIMENT FOR A SHEET OF WATER—A spring bed.

He was a very small boy, with a tallowy face and lustreless blue eyes. With a cat-like tread he was making tracks out of the yard during the last frost, each footstep as soft as mud. He had something under his jacket which he held in place with one hand. A window of the house was suddenly thrown up, and a sharp voice shouted, "George!" "What?" He had turned around, this quiet, stealthy child, and given utterance to the interrogation with a roar that would have dismayed a boiler explosion. "Come back here!" said the voice. "What for?" he yelled. "You come back here if you know when you're well off, young man," spoke the voice. He retraced his way, not softly like a cat—far from it—and when he got into the shadow of the house he pulled a pair of skates from under his jacket and threw them against the wall, and tore the cap from his head and threw it to the ground and passionately jumped upon it. What do you suppose could have made that quiet little boy act so?

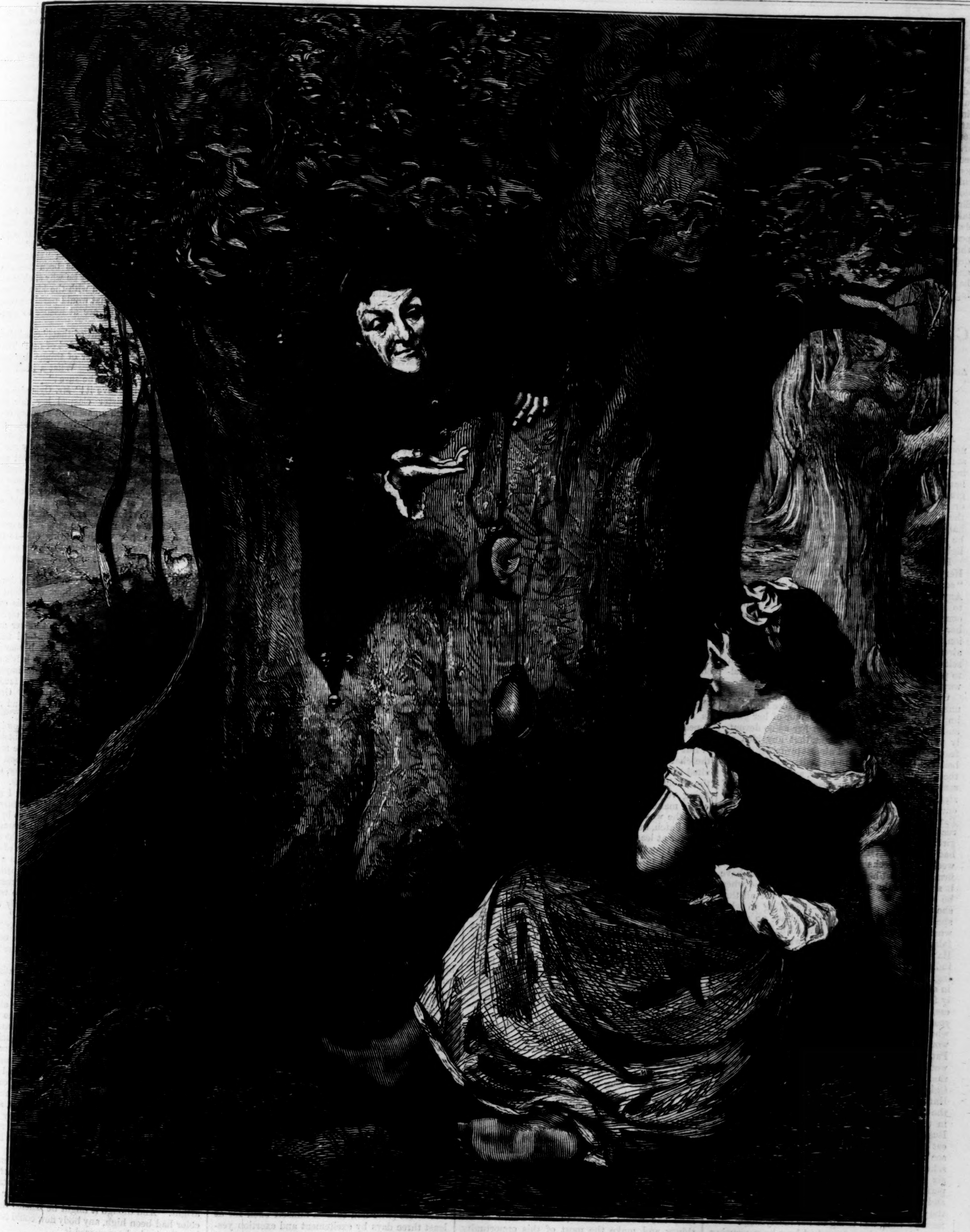


FLOGGING JUDAS ISCARIOT.

FLOGGING JUDAS ISCARIOT.

THE scene in the above engraving was witnessed aboard a South American vessel lying at the docks in London. The crew was composed chiefly of Portuguese sailors, with a sprinkling of other nationalities; and although in foreign waters, where such a scene must naturally create the most unbounded astonishment, it was impossible for them to allow Good-Friday to pass without wreaking their vengeance on a helpless semblance of the false apostle. At daybreak the life-sized figure of a man dressed in sailor's costume, with jack-boots, was hoisted to the mast-head, and in order that the identity of the effigy should be fully established, a placard was fastened to the breast, bearing the inscription, in Portuguese, "This is JUDAS ISCARIOT." The figure was allowed to remain in this position until about six o'clock, when the entire crew assembled to assist in the operation of lowering it to the deck, the bells of the ship keeping up meanwhile a most intolerable clanging. The effigy was then carried three times round the deck, and finally lashed to the capstan, after which the crew proceeded to belabor it with knotted ropes and clubs, at the same time giving utterance to the most horrible sounds in the way of shouts and yells. The clothes were cut away in shreds, and when the figure was entirely denuded and the block of wood which served for a foundation exposed, the latter, fastened to a line, was kicked all about the deck and repeatedly dipped overboard. Owing to the dock regulations of London, the concluding part of the ceremony was of necessity omitted. The stump could not be publicly burned, but the ingenious sailors surmounted this difficulty by chopping it into small pieces, which they handed over to the cook, and the cremation of the fragments was finally accomplished in the galley fire. This method of disposing of the remains, though less picturesque and dramatic than the one usually followed, appeared to give entire satisfaction to the sailors as they watched the process.

Very similar to this is the action of the negroes in certain parts of Cuba, where the chastisement of JUDAS during Holy-Week is made the occasion of a grand jubilee. The time selected is early in the morning. A figure is made by stuffing an old suit with hay or straw. It is then dragged through the street, over the stones and through mud and mire, followed by a crowd of excited negroes—men, women, and children—screaming like maniacs. All who can get near enough belabor the hapless effigy with sticks, whips, and stones, exhibiting all the frantic energy that religious frenzy often develops in the usually indolent negro. All manner of invectives are hurled against the miserable traitor, and the natural eloquence of the dusky inhabitants of the South exhausts itself in the way of vituperation. They call him names, and exult over his downfall, as if their own construction of rags and straw was the veritable JUDAS of long ago, and capable of feeling the humiliations heaped upon him. When they have had enough of this kind of sport, they take the effigy to an open space either outside the walls of the town or else within a large square,



TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY.

fasten it against a support, and then set it on fire. During the burning they manifest their delight in howls and shrieks, while their antics and contortions remind the observer of the practices described by travelers in the most savage regions of heathen Africa.

Sometimes, before the effigy is fired, a small quantity of gunpowder tied in a bag is placed in the centre of the figure, where the flames will not reach it too quickly. The explosion, which sends the fragments flying over the heads of the excited crowd, makes a grand finale to the scene. These remarkable ceremonies are not so frequent of late years as they were in the quieter days before the outbreak of the revolution; and the whites, though sometimes present as spectators, never take part in them.

TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY.

So far as the drama of "As You Like It" itself is concerned, there can be no doubt that **Shakspeare** drew the sources of his plot mainly from the pastoral romance of his ingenious contemporary, **Thomas Lodge**. This work, entitled *Rosalynde; or, Euphires' Golden Legacy*, was first given to the public in 1590. But although **Shakspeare** undoubtedly borrowed the plot, and did not hesitate to retain the principal personages without so much as even changing their names, it is to the imagination of the poet that we are indebted for the melancholy but brilliant Jaques, the witty Touchstone, and his faithful though humble Audrey.

It was easily understood by the practical as well as poetical mind of **Shakspeare**, whose experience as the manager of a theatre was of inestimable service to him as a writer of plays, that a drama of five acts, entirely given over to the exchange of sentimentalities between several lovelorn personages, could not fail to weary the most indulgent audience. Therefore he varies the dull and endless prosing of the novelist by the introduction of a fool and a philosopher, who, however they might have hated each other at court, assimilate very comfortably in the forest. Jaques's description of his first encounter with Touchstone endears the latter to us at once:

"A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
'Good-morrow, fool,' quoth I: 'No, Sir,' quoth he;
'Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune:'
And then he drew a dial from his poke:
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags;
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe;
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear."

Touchstone is certainly a "rare fellow." He justifies his description as one "who uses his folly as a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit." His courtship of Audrey, his lecture to Corin, which he concludes by insisting upon the damnation of that pastoral youth, without which "the devil himself will have no shepherds," and his burlesque upon the "duello" of the age, are all pieces of most "exquisite fooling." Audrey's poor wits show very dimly beside those of her brilliant lover; but the little courtesies Touchstone delights to heap upon her in company, such as his command in the presence of the Duke, "Bear your body more seeming, Audrey," might have been trying to the sensibilities of a woman who possessed more cultivation. He describes her on the same occasion as "a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favored thing, Sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, Sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor-house, as your pearl in your foul oyster." It is possible that the compliment to her virtue recompensed Audrey for the remarks upon her personal appearance; but, considering her lot in life, it is, perhaps, as well she was spared the doubtful blessing of a sensitive disposition.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF SKER," "LORNA DOONE," "ALICE LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

LET ME OUT.

AT about the same hour of that Sunday afternoon, Miss Patch sat alone in her little cottage, stubbornly reasoning with herself. She was growing rather weary of her task, which had been a long and heavy one; a great deal longer, and a great deal heavier, than she ever could have dreamed at the outset. It was for the sake of the kingdom of heaven that she had laid her hand to this plow; and now it seemed likely to be a "plow," in the sense in which that word is lightly used by under-graduates.

For public opinion Miss Patch cared nothing. Her view of the world was purely and precisely "scriptural," according to her own interpretation. Any line of action was especially recommended to her by the certainty that "the world" would condemn it. She had led a life of misery with her father, the gambling captain, the man of fashion, who made slaves of his children; and being already of a narrow gauge of mind, she laid herself out for theology; not true religion, but enough to please her, and make her sure that she was always right.

Grace, being truly of a docile nature, and most unsuspicious (as her father was before her), had implicit faith in the truth and honor of her good aunt Patch. She looked upon her as so devoutly pious and grandly upright, that any idea of fraud on her part seemed almost profanity. She believed the good lady to be acting wholly under the guidance of her own father, and as his representative; in which there seemed nothing either strained or strange, especially as the Squire had once placed his daughter in the charge of Miss Patch for a course of scriptural and historical reading. And the first misgiving in the poor girl's mind arose from what Christopher Sharp had told her. Of pining and lonely weariness weeks and weeks she had endured, under the firm belief that her father was compelled to have it so, and in the hope of the glorious time when he should come to take her home. For all that she could see good reason—according to what she had been told—but she could see no reason whatever why Miss Patch should have told her falsehoods as to the place in which they lived. Having been challenged upon this subject by her indignant niece, the elderly lady now sat thinking. She was as firmly convinced as ever that in all she had done she had acted only and purely for the glory of the Lord. Grace, a great heiress, and a silly girl, was at the point of being snapped up by the papists, and made one of them; whereupon both an immortal soul and £150,000 would be devoted to perdition. Of this Miss Patch had been thoroughly assured before she would give her help at all. It was well known that Russel Overshute loved and would win Grace Oglander, and that Russel's dearest friend was Hardenow of Brasenose, and that Hardenow was the deepest Jesuit ever admitted to holy orders in the Church of England; therefore, at heart, Russel Overshute must be a papist of the deepest dye; and any body with half an eye could see through that conspiracy. To defeat such a scheme, Miss Patch would have promised to spend six months in a hollow tree; but promise and performance are a "very different pair of shoes;" and the lady (though fed, like a woodpecker, on the choicest of all sylvan grub) even now, in four months' time, was tiring of her martyrdom.

Her cottage in a wood had long been growing loathsome to her. The deeds of the Lord she admired greatly, when they were homicidal; but of His large and kindly works she had no congenial liking. The fluttering spread of leaves, that hang like tips of empty gloves one day, and after one kind night lift forth (like the hand of a baby with his mind made up); and the change of color all under the trees, whether the ground were grassed or naked; also the delicate sliding of the light in and out the peeling wands of brushwood, and flat upon the lichened stones, and even in the coarsest hour of the day—which generally is from 1 to 2 P.M., when all mankind are dining—the quiet spread and receptive width of growth that has to catch its light—for none of these pretty little scenes did Miss Patch care so much as half a patch. And she was sure that they gave her the rheumatism.

She was longing to be in London now, to sit beneath the noble eloquence of preachers and orators most divine, who spend the prime of the year in reviling their friends and extolling the negro. Whereas for weeks and weeks, in this ungodly forest, she had no chance of receiving any spiritual ministration; save once, when Tickuss, on a Sunday morning, had driven her in his pig cart to a little Wesleyan chapel some three miles off at the end of a hamlet. Here people stared at her so, and asked such questions, that she durst not go again; and, indeed, the pleasure was not worth the risk, for the shoe-maker who preached was a thoroughly quiet, ungifted man, without an evil word for any body.

Not only these large regrets and yearnings were thronging upon this lady now, but also a small although feminine feeling of desire for support and guidance. Strong-minded as she was, and conscious of her lofty mission, from time to time she grew faint-hearted in that dreary solitude, without the encouragement of the cool male will. This for some days she had not received, and she knew not why it had failed her.

Though the afternoon was so bright with temptation, and the wood so rich with wonders, Miss Patch preferred to nurse her knee by the little fire in her parlor. She had always hated to be out-of-doors, and to see too much of things which did not bear out her opinions, and to lose that clear knowledge of the will of the Lord which is lost by those who study Him. She loved to discern in every thing that happened to her liking "the grand and infinite potentiality of an all-wise Providence;" and if a little thing went amiss, she laid all the blame to the badly principled interference of the devil.

While she was deeply pondering thus, and warming her little tea-pot, in ran the beautiful and lively girl who had long been growing too much for her. It was not only the brighter spring of young life in this Gracie, and her pretty ways, and nice surprises, and pleasure in pleasing others, and graceful turns of cookery, but also her pure fount of loving-kindness which (having no other way out) was obliged to steal around Miss Patch herself. Although she had been ill content with the only explanation she could get about her dwelling-place—to wit, that in these roadless parts distance was very much a matter of conjecture—Grace had no suspicion yet of any plot or conspiracy. All things had been planned so deeply, and carried out so cleverly, that any such suspicion would have been contrary to her nature. She had lost, by some unaccountable carelessness, both the note from her father, which she had received at her aunt Joan's, and also his more important letter delivered to her, when she met the chaise, by her kind and pious "aunty Patch." In the first note (delivered by a little boy) she had simply been called forth to meet her father in the lane, and to walk home with him, as he wished to speak with her by herself. She was not to wait to pack any of her clothes, as they would be sent for afterward; and he hoped her aunt Joan would excuse his deferring their little dinner for the present.

But when, instead of meeting him, she found the chaise with Miss Patch inside it, and was invited to step in, a real letter was handed to her, the whole of which in the waning light—the day being very brown and gloomy—she could not easily make out. But she learned enough to see that she was to place herself under the care of Miss Patch, and not expect to see her dear father for at least some weeks to come. Her hair, for the reason therein given, was to be cut off at once, and not even kept in the carriage; and the poor girl submitted, with a few low sobs, to the loss of her beautiful bright tresses. But what were they? How small and selfish of her to think twice of them in the presence of the heavy trouble threatening her dear father, and the anguish of losing him for so long, without even so much as a kiss of farewell! For, after his first brief scrawl, he had found that, by starting at once, he could catch at Falmouth the packet for Demerara, and thus save a fortnight in getting to his estates, which were threatened with ruin. If these should be lost to him, Gracie knew (as he had no secrets from her) that half his income would go at one sweep—which, for his own sake, would matter little; but, for the sake of his darling, must, if possible, be prevented.

He had no time now for another word, except that he had left his house at Beckley, just as it stood, to be let by his agent to cover the expenses of this long voyage, and to get him out of two difficulties. He could not have left his dear child there alone; and, if he could, he would not have done so, for a most virulent fever had long been hanging about, and had now broken out hard by; and Dr. Splinters had strictly ordered, the moment he heard of it, that the dear child's hair should be cropped to her head and burned or cast away, for nothing harbored infection as hair did. With a few words of blessing and comfort and love, and a promise to write from Demerara, and a fatherly hope that for his sake she would submit to Miss Patch in all things, and make the most of this opportunity for completing her course of scriptural and historical reading, the dear old father had signed himself "her loving papa, W. O."

Grace would have been a very different girl from her own frank self if she had even dreamed of suspecting the genuineness of this letter. It was in her father's crabbed and upright and queerly jointed hand, from the first line to the last. For a moment, indeed, she had been surprised that he called himself her "papa," because he did not like the word, and thought it a piece of the foreign stuff, which had better continue to be foreign. But there stood the word; and in his hurry how could he stop to such trifles? This letter had been lost; poor Grace could not imagine how, because she had taken such great care of it, and had slept with it under her pillow always. Nevertheless, it had disappeared, leaving tears of self-reproach in her downcast eyes as she searched the wood for it. And this made her careful tenfold of the two letters she had received from Georgetown.

But now, as she came with her Sunday hat on, and her pretty Woodstock gloves, and her neat brown skirt looped up (for challenge of briers and furze and dog-rose), and, best of all, with the bloom on her cheeks, and the sparkle in her clear soft eyes, and the May sun making glory in her rolling clouds of new-grown hair—and, better than best, that smile of the heart filling the whole young face with light—she really looked as if it would be impossible to say "no" to her.

"Aunty," she began, "it is quite an age since you have let me have a walk at all. One would think that I wanted to run away with that very smart young gentleman who possesses and exhibits that extremely lustrous riding-whip. If he has only got a horse to match it—what is the name, dear Aunty, of that inestimable historical jewel that somebody stole out of somebody's eye?"

"Grace, will you never remember any thing? It is now called the Orloff, or Schaffras gem, and is set in the Russian sceptre."

"Then that must be the name of this gentleman's horse, to enable it to go with such a whip. Dear Aunty, now, even that whip will not tempt me or move me to run away from you. Only do please to allow me forth. This horrid little-garden is so shaded and sour that even a daisy can not live. But in the wood I find all things lovely. May I have a run for only half an hour?"

"Upon one condition," replied Miss Patch; "that if you see any one, you shall come back at once and let me know."

"What, even the fat man with the flapped hat and the smock on? I never go out without seeing him, though he never seems to see me at all. He must be very short-sighted."

"Oh no, my dear; never mind that poor man; he looks after the cattle or something. What I mean is, any young gentleman who ought to be at home on the Sabbath-day. And wrestle with your natural frivolity, my dear, that no worldly thoughts may assault and hurt the soul upon this holy day."

"I will do my best, Aunty. But how can I help thinking of the things I see?"

Miss Patch having less than any faith in unregenerate human nature, feared that she might have been wrong in allowing even this limited freedom to Grace. The truth of it was that, without fresh guidance from a mind far deeper than her own, she could not see the right thing to do in the new complication arising. The interviews between Kit Sharp and Grace were the very thing desired, and surely must have led to something good, which ought to be carefully followed up. And yet if she met him again, she would be quite sure to go on with her questions; and Kit, being purely outside of the plot, would reply with the most inconvenient truth. Miss Patch had written as promptly as could be to ask what she ought to do in this crisis. But no answer had come through the trusty Tickuss, nor any well-provided visit. The Christian-minded lady could not tell at all what to make of it. Then, calling to mind the sacredness of the day, she dismissed the subject, and sternly rebuked deaf Margery Daw for not keeping the kettle boiling.

CHAPTER XLI.

REASON AND UNREASON.

WHEN things were in this very ticklish condition almost every where, and even Cripps himself could scarcely sleep because of rumors, and Dobbin in his own clean stable found the flies too many for him, an exceedingly active man set out to scour the whole of the neighborhood. To the large and vigorous mind of the Rev. Thomas Hardenow, the worst of all sins (because the most tempting and universal) was indolence.

Hardenow never condemned a poor man for having his pint or his quart of ale (with his better half to help him), when he had earned it by a hard day's work, and had fed his children likewise. Hardenow thought it not easy to find any hypocrisy more bald or any morality more cheap than that or those which strut about reviling the poor man for taking, in the cheaper liquid form, the nourishment which "his betters" can afford to have in the shape of meat; and then are not content with it unless it is curdled with some duly sour vintage. And, passing such crucial points of debate, Hardenow always could make allowance for any sins rather than those which spring from a treacherous, sneaking, and lying essence.

Now a council was held at the Grange of Shotover on the Monday. A sad and melancholy house it was, with its fine old mistress lately buried, and its poor young master only half recovered. The young tutor had been especially invited, and having heard every thing from the Squire (who was proud of having ridden so far, yet broke down ridiculously among his boasts), and from Russel Overshute (who had thrown himself back for at least three days by excitement and exertion yesterday), and also from Mrs. Fermitage (who had lately been feeling herself overlooked), Hardenow thought for some little time before he would give his opinion. Not that he was, by any manner of means, possessed with the greatness of his own ideas, but that Mrs. Fermitage, from a low velvet chair, looked up at him with such emphatic inquiry and implicit faith, that he was quite in a difficulty how to speak or what to say.

And so he said a very few short words of sympathy and of kindness, and gladly offered to do his best, and obey the orders given him, so far, at least, as his duty to his college and pupils permitted. He confessed that he had thought of this matter many times before he was invited to do so, and without the knowledge which he now possessed, or the special interest on the subject which he now must feel for the sake of Russel. But Mrs. Fermitage, filled with respect for the wisdom of a fellow and tutor of a college, would not let Hardenow thus escape; and being compelled to give his opinion, he did so with his usual clearness.

"I am not at all a man of the world," he said; "and of the law I know nothing. My friend Russel is a man of the world, and knows a good deal of the law as well. A word from him is worth many of mine. But if Mrs. Fermitage insists upon having my crude ideas, they are these. First of the first, and by far the most important, I believe that Miss Oglander is alive, and that her father will receive her safe and sound, though not perhaps still Miss Oglander."

"God bless you, my dear Sir!" the Squire broke in, getting up to lay hold of the young man's hand. "I don't care a straw what her name may be—Snooks, or Snobbs, or Higginbotham—if I only get hold of my darling child again."

Russel Overshute looked rather queer at this, and so did Mrs. Fermitage; but the Squire continued in the same sort of way—"What odds about her name, if it only was my Grace?"

"Exactly so," replied Hardenow; "that natural feeling of yours perhaps has been foreseen and counted on; and that may be why such trouble was taken to terrify you with the idea of her death. Also, of course, that would paralyze your search, while the villains are at leisure to complete their work."

"I declare I never thought of that!" cried Russel. "How extremely thick-headed of me! That theory accounts for a number of things that can not be otherwise explained. What a head you have got, my dear Tom, to be sure!"

"I wish I could believe it!" Mr. Oglander exclaimed, while his sister clasped her fair fat hands, and looked with amazement at every one. "But I see no motive—no motive whatever. My Grace was a dear good girl, as every body knows, and a fortune in herself; but of worldly goods she had very little, any more than I have; and her prospects were naturally contingent—contingent upon many things, which may not come to pass, I hope, for many years—if they ever do." Here he looked at his sister, and she said, "I hope so." "Therefore," continued Mr. Oglander, "while there are so many fine girls in the county very much better worth carrying off—so far as mere worthless pelf is concerned—why should any body steal my Grace unless they stole her for her own sake?"

Here the Squire sat down, and took to drumming with his stick. His feelings were hurt at the idea—though it was so entirely of his own origination—that his daughter had been carried off for the sake of her money, not of her own dear self. Hardenow looked at him and made no answer. He felt that it did not behoove a mere stranger to ask about the young lady's expectations; while Overshute was more imperatively silenced by his relations toward the family. But Mrs. Fermitage came to the rescue. Great was her faith in the value of money, and she liked to have it known that she had plenty.

"Tut! tut!" she cried, shaking out her new brocaded silk—a mourning-dress certainly, but softly trimmed with purple—"why should we make any mystery of things when the truth is most important? And the truth is, Mr. Hardenow, that my dear niece had very good expectations. My deeply lamented husband, respected, and I may say reverenced, for upward of half a century, in every college of Oxford, and even more so by the corporation, for the pure integrity of his character, the loftiness of his principles, and—and the substance of his—what they make the wine of—he was not the man, Mr. Hardenow, to leave a devoted wife behind him, who had stepped perhaps out of her rank a little, not being of commercial birth, you know, but never found cause to regret it, without some provision for the earthly time which she, being many years his junior—"

"Come, come, Joan, not so very many," exclaimed the truthful Squire; "about five, or say six, at the utmost. You were born on the 25th of June, A.D.—"

"Worth, I was not asking you for statistics. Mr. Hardenow, you will excuse my brother. He has always had a rude style of interruption; he learned it, I believe, in the army, and we always make allowance for it. But to go back to what I was saying—my good and ever-to-be-lamented husband being, let us say, ten years my junior—Worth, will that content you?—left every farthing of his property to me; and a good husband always does the same thing, I am told, and I believe they are ordered in the Bible; and, of course, I have no one to leave it to but Grace; and being so extraordinarily advanced in years, as my dear brother has impressed upon you, they could not have any very long time to wait; and my desire is to do my duty; and perhaps that lies at the bottom of it all."

After relieving her mind in this succinct yet copious manner, the good lady went into her chair again, carefully directing, in whatever state of mind, the gathering and the falling of her dress aright. And though it might be fancied that her color had been high, any body now could see that her dignity had conquered it.

"Now the whole of this goes for next to nothing," said the Squire, while the young men looked at one another, and longed to be out of the way of it. "As we have got into the subject, let us go right down to the bottom of it. What are filthy pence and half-pence, or a cellar, like Balak's, of silver and gold, when compared with the life of one pure dear soul? I may not express myself theologically, but you can see what I mean exactly. I mean that I would kick old Port-wine's dross to the bottom of the Red Sea, where Pharaoh lies, if it turns out that that has killed my child, or made her this long time dead to me."

Having justified his feelings thus, the old man stood up, and went to the window to look for his horse. The very last thing he desired always was to let out what he felt too much. But to hear that old thief of a "Port-wine Fermitage" praised, and his lucre put forward, quite as if it were an equivalent for Grace, and to think that he owed to that filthy cause the loss of the liveliest, loveliest darling, without whom he had neither life nor love—such things were enough to break the balance of his patience; and the rest might think them out among them.

Now this might have made a very serious to-do between Mr. Oglander and his sister Joan, both of them being of the stiff-necked order, if he had been allowed to ride away like this. Mrs. Fermitage had her great carriage in the yard, and two black horses with wide valleys down their backs, rattling rings of the brightest brass, while they stood in the stable with a bail between them, and gently deigned to blow the chaff off from the oats of Shotover. This goodly pair made a great rush now into the mind of their mistress—the only sort of rush they ever made—and seeing her brother in that state of mind to get away from her, she became inspired with an equal desire to get away from him.

"Will you kindly ring the bell," she said, "and order my horses to be put to? I think I have quite said every word I had to say. And being the only lady present, of course I labor under some—well, some little disadvantages. Not, of course, that I mean for a moment—"

"To be sure not, Joan! You never do know what you mean. You would be a very nasty woman if you did. Now do let us turn our minds the pleasant way to every thing. If any word has come from me to lead to strong kind of argument, I beg pardon of every body; and then there ought to be an end of it."

Mrs. Fermitage scarcely knew what to say, but in a relenting way looked round for some one to take it up for her. And she was not long without somebody.

"Mr. Oglander," said Russel Overshute, "you really ought to give us time to think. You are growing so hasty, Sir, since you came back to your seat in the saddle and your cross-country ways, that you want to ride over every one of us—ladies and gentlemen, all alike."

The old Squire laughed, he could not help it, at the thought of his own effrontery. He felt that there might be some truth about it ever since it had come into his mind that he might not, after all, be childless. He would not have any one know, for a thousand pounds, why he was laughing, or that half another word might turn it into weeping. He had seen it proved in learned books that no man knew the way to weep at his time of life; and if his own case went against it, he had the manners to be ashamed of it. So he waited till he felt that his face was right, and then he went up to his sister Joan, who was growing uneasy about her own words; and he took her two plump hands in his, and gave a glance, for all there present to be welcome witnesses. And then, having knowledge for the last ten years how much too fat she was to lift, he managed to kiss her in the two right places, disarranging nothing.

His sister looked up at him, as soon as he had done it, with a sense of his propriety and study of her quietude; and she whispered to him, quietly, "I beg your pardon, brother." And he spoke up for all to hear him, "Joan, my dear, I beg your pardon."

"Now the first thing to be done," said Hardenow, "is to find Cinnaminta and her husband Smith. But allow me to make one important request, that even your adviser, Mr. Luke Sharp, shall not be informed of what has passed to-day, or what Overshute found out yesterday."

With some little surprise they agreed to this.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The late Professor **Rigaud**, Radcliff Observer at Oxford, and author of the *Miscellaneous Works and Life of James Bradley*, the discoverer of aberration, was a zealous collector of all material relating to the history or literature of astronomy, and left behind him a great quantity of manuscript material of various kinds. This has been carefully catalogued and arranged, and presented by his sons to the University of Oxford. Among the papers were found copious materials for a life of **Edmund Halley**, which Professor **Pritchard** is soon to edit, as well as eleven volumes of MS. books, among them two relating to **Halley**, one to **Pound**, one to **Bradley**, two to **Hearne**, two to **Horrox**. Over five hundred letters are contained in the collection, among them sixty-four written by various men of science to **Jean Hyacinthe de Magalhaens**, who died in England in 1790. These last-named letters contain notes from **Bernouilli**, **Boscovich**, **Cassini**, **Espinosa**, **Euler**, **W. Herschel**, **Lalande**, **Turgot**, **Volta**, and others, and will doubtless be of great value to the history of science.

The great reflecting telescope of the Paris Observatory, which has been in process of construction for quite a number of years, is now mounted at the observatory at Paris, and is ready to commence its work. It is to be under the charge of M. **Wolf**, who proposes to execute researches in astronomical spectroscopy and photography, as well as investigations on the satellite systems. We learn from an illustration to a short article in the *Scientific American* of February 12, 1876, that the mounting is a modified form of the English method, the declination axis being attached between the bearings of the polar axis. The instrument is to be used in the open air, but covered with a sliding house when not in use. The telescope is of the Newtonian construction, 23.3 feet long, and with a silvered-glass mirror 46.8 inches in diameter, and weighs 5280 pounds.

Lassell's famous reflector, which was also a Newtonian, was 37 feet long, with a spectrum-metal mirror 48 inches in diameter, and weighed over 9000 pounds. The Melbourne reflector has a metal speculum, but it is of the Cassegrainian construction, which appears to be the most convenient form for large reflectors. The figure of the mirror is spoken of as very good, and it is expected that the somewhat novel form of mounting will lend itself readily to the requirements of easy motion. This telescope is now the largest reflector in the northern hemisphere, and we may look to it for important contributions to our knowledge, particularly in those special departments of celestial physics for which the reflecting telescope is so peculiarly adapted.

The *Gardener's Chronicle* states that letters received from Ternate mention the fact that Dr. **Beccari** has discovered on Mount Arfok, in New Guinea, quite a number of new species of plants of well-known genera, belonging to very different portions of the globe. Among these are Araucaria, species of Vaccinium, Rhododendron, Podacarpus, etc.

The natural history of *Peronospora infestans*, the parasitic fungus which is the cause of the potato disease, continues to excite great interest in England and on the continent of Europe. The distinguished mycologist, Professor **De Bary**, of Strasburg, is disinclined to accept the conclusion of Mr. **W. G. Smith**, to which we recently alluded, that he had discovered the "resting spores," or true mode of sexual reproduction of the fungus. From various points in the microscopical structure, he believes the bodies described by Mr. **Smith** to belong to some other fungus accidentally present in the decaying leaves and tubers. Professor **De Bary** separates the *P. infestans* from *Peronospora*, and makes it the type of a new genus of Peronosporeæ, under the name *Phytophthora*.

The death of Rear-Admiral **A. B. Becher** is announced as having occurred on the 15th of February, at an advanced age. He entered the British navy in 1812, and was employed on surveying duty on the Canadian lakes and elsewhere; after which he served in the Hydrographic Office, in the Admiralty, and as editor of the *Nautical Magazine*. In 1842 he communicated an elaborate paper to the Geographical Society on the voyages of Sir **Martin Frobisher**, and in 1856 published *The Landfall of Columbus*, in which he identified Watling Island with the Guanahani of **Columbus**. His death took place in the eightieth year of his age.

The minutes of the Indiana State Archæological Convention, held at Indianapolis on the 29th and 30th of September, 1875, have been published in a small pamphlet, which embraces the constitution of the association and the proceedings. These consisted in the presentation of papers by Professor **John B. Dillon**, Professor **Cox**, Mr. **Macpherson**, and others. Many interesting specimens of the archæology of Indiana were shown, and an urgent appeal made to the members and other gentlemen in the State to transmit their specimens to Indianapolis, for the purpose of forming a State Archæological Museum.

The Scientific Association of Richmond, Indiana, has published its first number of Transactions, under date of June 1, 1875, these consisting, for the present, principally of the articles of incorporation, a list of members, and their assignment to service on certain duties, etc.

The Marquis **Sá de Baudeira**, an eminent Portuguese statesman, died at Lisbon February 6, at the age of eighty-one. According to the *Geographical Magazine*, he was a great promoter of geographical research, and the author of several papers on the Portuguese possessions in Africa.

At a meeting of the American Fish-culturists' Association, on the 18th of February, the following resolution, introduced by Mr. **E. G. Blackford**, was adopted:

> "*Whereas*, The Fish-culturists' Association believe that the data in regard to the catch of staple fish, such as are sold in the markets of the country, would be of great importance, allowing the positive determination of questions of vast commercial and scientific importance; be it
>
> "*Resolved*, That the Fish-culturists' Association request the Fish Commissioners to urge on the State governments of which they are the representatives the necessity of the State appointing certain officers whose duty it shall be to collect such data, so that reliable information may be obtained in regard to the catch of staple fish in the various States."

The Imperial Society of Naturalists of Moscow, one of the first establishments in Europe, has lately elected Dr. **Hayden** one of its active members, in acknowledgment of the service he has done to science, not only for his own investigations, but for the magnificent series of volumes upon the geology and natural history of the West, the publication of which by Congress and the Interior Department he has been enabled to secure.

Count **Miniscalchi-Erizzi**, one of the founders of the Italian Geographical Society, died suddenly on the 30th of December, 1875. He had taken charge of the Akkas for the purpose of studying their language, and was engaged at the time of his death upon a work upon arctic explorations.

Governor **Hébert**, of Louisiana, announces in the papers of his State the receipt, in the month of March, 1876, of a fine specimen of the true shad, which was caught in a dip net near his house. This, it may be presumed, is one of the many that have been planted in the Mississippi by the United States Fish Commission.

The fifth part of the Bulletin of the Bussey Institution of Harvard University for 1876, completing volume one, has just been published, and contains a number of valuable papers, principally by Professor **Storer**, Dr. **Farlow**, and Mr. **Sargent**. Dr. **Farlow**'s papers treat of the fungi found in the vicinity of Boston, of the olive and orange trees of California, of the American grape-vine mildew, and of the black knot. Mr. **Sargent** reports the addition of 165 species of trees and shrubs to the arboretum during the past year, and that over 100,000 plants have been raised. The papers of Professor **Storer**, as usual, are of much scientific value.

Mr. **Henry Lee** has lately published some of his observations on the salmon in the Brighton Aquarium in the London *Field*, which throw much light upon some of the vexed questions in regard to the natural history of this noble fish. He states that in April, 1873, nine salmon smolts, taken in the Usk River on their way to the sea, were placed in the aquarium. These were kept in tanks, some of them in fresh-water, to which salt was afterward added gradually; the others were placed directly in the salt-water, the latter apparently sustaining the change better than the others. Most of these fish died after a short time; two, however, remained, which were fed on shrimps and minced fish, and grew so fast that their increase was appreciable day by day. At the end of twelve months after their receipt, or in April, 1874, only one survived, and this fish for a time ceased to grow, and was supposed to be pining for the fresh-water. It was, however, still retained in the salt-water; and in May it recovered appetite, and fattened up greatly, without increasing in size. In September it again refused food, and by the middle of February, 1875, had dwindled away considerably in size and condition. Afterward it began to feed again, devouring a whole herring, chopped up for it, at a single meal.

The fish did not grow very much during the year 1875, probably requiring a larger range of water for its proper condition. The inferences derived by Mr. **Lee** from these facts are, that smolts, going to the sea, weighing two ounces, or thereabouts, return from their first migration as grilse in a little more than a year, weighing from three to five pounds; that they can exist for at least three years in the sea without ascending a river, although probably a return to the latter is necessary for their continued and more healthy growth. He also concludes that from the end of the first year to that of the fourth, they feed more heartily and grow more rapidly, and are in better condition, at one season than another.

Mr. **Lee** also remarks that the salmon never takes its food below the plane of its own position in the water, and that when shrimps and portions of fish are thrown into the tank, it will rise to meet them as they sink toward it, but will not follow any portion that has sunk below its level, nor will it feed on the bottom, in this respect being very different from the sea trout in the same tank, which rummage along the bottom for food, and pick up shrimps and pieces of fish lying there.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is said that impure air is not only injurious to the health of the body, but that it has also a most deleterious effect upon the moral sensibilities. And perhaps we may as well refer the strange doings of Congressmen, from time to time, to the irresistible influence of the vitiated air which pervades the Capitol. But this air, like other evil-doers, has been undergoing investigation, and it is found to be full of all manner of impurities. In fact, the very air which has been forced into the House of Representatives as a pure article has been really drawn from sources which are now discovered to be foul. Moreover, in consequence of the system of fanning which has existed, the air enters the Hall of Representatives from underneath the floor, and by the upward motion of air currents thus produced, dust and the heavy poisonous gases, which would naturally sink to the floor or escape to the ceiling, are constantly raised, agitated, and mingled with all parts of the air within the hall. It is proposed to remedy these difficulties by thoroughly cleansing and ventilating all the localities from which the air is drawn to be forced into the Capitol, and also to make special contrivances for perfectly cleansing all the air that passes into the building by the fans. When this perfect system of ventilation is completed, we may have better laws—and law-makers.

A thrilling incident is related concerning the passenger train on the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad. One day, not long since, as it was dashing toward Evansville, Mr. Chappell, the engineer, saw, not a hundred yards ahead, a large tree lying across the track. Instant death seemed inevitable; but Chappell put on the air brake, reversed the lever, and stood at his post, never flinching, as the engine dashed into the obstruction. The locomotive reared up, was stripped of its wheels, and hurled to one side. The tender and baggage-car were tossed into the ditch, but the passenger-cars were left standing on the track uninjured. The engineer and the fireman crawled out of the wreck, strange to say, both unharmed, and the conductor quieted the frightened passengers. It was a miraculous escape for the whole train, and the credit is due to the brave engineer, who faced death like a Spartan.

Over 690,500 tons of ice have been housed on the Kennebec (Maine) during the past season. So there is no need of an ice famine at present.

From Honolulu comes the report that the volcanoes of Kilauea and Moknaweoweo are in an active state of eruption.

A French chemist has announced a discovery which is valuable in its application to writings which are suspected of having been altered by erasure. Experiment shows that, however skillfully any writing may have been erased, sufficient traces of the iron oxide in the ink always remain to appear in a photographic image, although they may be totally invisible to the eye in the original paper. The light reflected from a surface once stained by ink, although the closest ocular inspection fails to detect it, affects the photographic materials differently from that reflected from the paper where the ink has not touched it. Hence a photograph of a suspected paper will settle some doubtful questions.

More relics. Four 24-pound cannon-balls, supposed to have been thrown from Dorchester Heights in 1776, were recently dug up from under an old stable in the vicinity.

A simple and effectual remedy for ivy poisoning is said to be sweet spirits of nitre. Bathe the affected parts freely two or three times during the day, and the next morning scarcely any trace of the poison will remain.

In old times—say, in 1776—when people could and did go to bed early, it was an excellent plan to rise at five o'clock in the morning. It might be for our physical and mental health if in this respect we could bring back old customs. But we can not. The structure of society and of business in many places prevents it. Therefore there is no good philosophy in splitting the old maxim, "Early to bed, early to rise," and demanding that people should rise before the sun, when they don't get to bed until hours and hours after the sun has disappeared. "Adirondack" Murray says: "We once held the doctrine of early rising as stoutly as a Calvinistic deacon holds to the doctrine of election. We don't hold it now as strongly as we did. That 'last nap' we no longer tolerate as a mild form of indolence and proof of lazy weakness. We are growing to regard it as the great source of strength to body and mind, and an evidence of nature's wisdom."

The Scandinavian Mountains are covered with what is known as the "reindeer moss"—a favorite food of the reindeer. Recent experiments by a Swedish professor of chemistry show that this substance is also valuable to man, and likely to prove a source of wealth. Eighteen hundred pounds of this moss, under proper treatment, produced nearly twelve hundred pounds of unrefined sugar; and five gallons of pure alcohol were extracted from sixty-six pounds of the same kind of moss. At Stockholm the price of moss has risen to about a half-penny a pound, and lack of capital and machinery alone retards the practical results of this discovery.

The works of Charles Dickens are to be translated into Portuguese, and published in Lisbon.

Not long ago a copy of the second edition of Rev. John Eliot's translation of the Bible into the language of the Indians of Massachusetts was sold in New York for $325. This rare work is highly prized not only because of the limited number of copies extant, but for the reason that it is the chief depository of all that is left to us of the language of the original inhabitants of that State.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* is sarcastic. It states that a recent number of the Fresno *Expositor* contained a fine picture of the town and the adjacent Central California colony, and that the editor remarked, any mistakes in it were due to the fact that the artist was unable to come to Fresno himself, and drew the picture from maps and descriptions. The *Bulletin* says:

> "The errors are unimportant, however. A small forest of trees in the foreground exists only in the artist's eyes, as is also the case with a long tree-lined avenue extending into the town. But to offset these additions, the trees which actually exist are not represented, neither are any of the orchards, vineyards, and gardens. Another slight error is that the colony is represented as having but three houses in it, when, in fact, there are eighteen. Another beautiful feature of the artist's delineation is in locating the town in a valley directly under the precipitous sides of two mountains, the real state of the case being that the nearest mountains are the Sierra Nevadas, twenty-five miles away, while the others, the Coast Range, are really seventy-five miles distant. With these few trifling exceptions, the picture is a fine production."

English-grown strawberries appeared in London more than a month ago, but there has been cold weather there since.

In London the authorities are strict in the matter of enforcing the laws against adulteration of food. A grocer was recently find for selling adulterated tea. In defense he urged that he sold the article as it was purchased in bond. The magistrate remarked that it was possible that the defendant really did not know that the tea was not pure, but that if one merchant did not warrant it, he should go to another who would do so.

There recently died in Ireland a jolly old centenarian named Patrick Sullivan. He was one hundred and two years old. Before his death he requested his wife, who is only eighty-six years of age, to see to it that there should be no mourning at his funeral, but merriment instead. He desired that two fiddlers, dressed in the old Irish national costume, should play at the head of his funeral procession. His requests were granted, and the patriarch went to his grave amidst great hilarity.

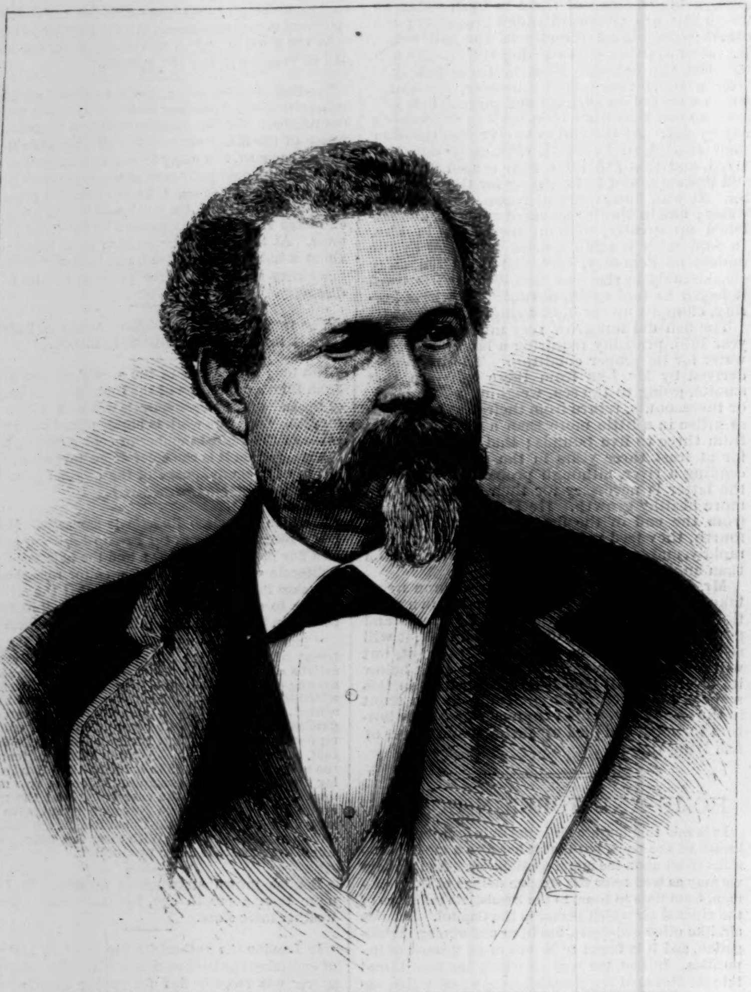
Experience has taught men who are subject to severe and prolonged exposure to cold that there is danger in taking alcoholic stimulants while the exposure continues. The lumberers in Canada who are engaged in felling timber in the pine forests, living there all winter, sleeping in holes dug in the snow, and lying on spruce branches covered with buffalo-robes, allow no spirits in their camp, and destroy any that may be found there. The experience of arctic travelers on this subject is nearly unanimous, and to the same effect. But *after* extreme exposure the administration of stimulants may be very beneficial.

The Home, in Milan, designed for young girls who go alone and unprotected to that city to pursue their musical studies, has met with great encouragement from many distinguished persons, who have generously aided Mrs. Hamilton, the English lady who established it. Jenny Lind has contributed £100, and offered the assistance of her voice in a concert to be given for the benefit of the Home.

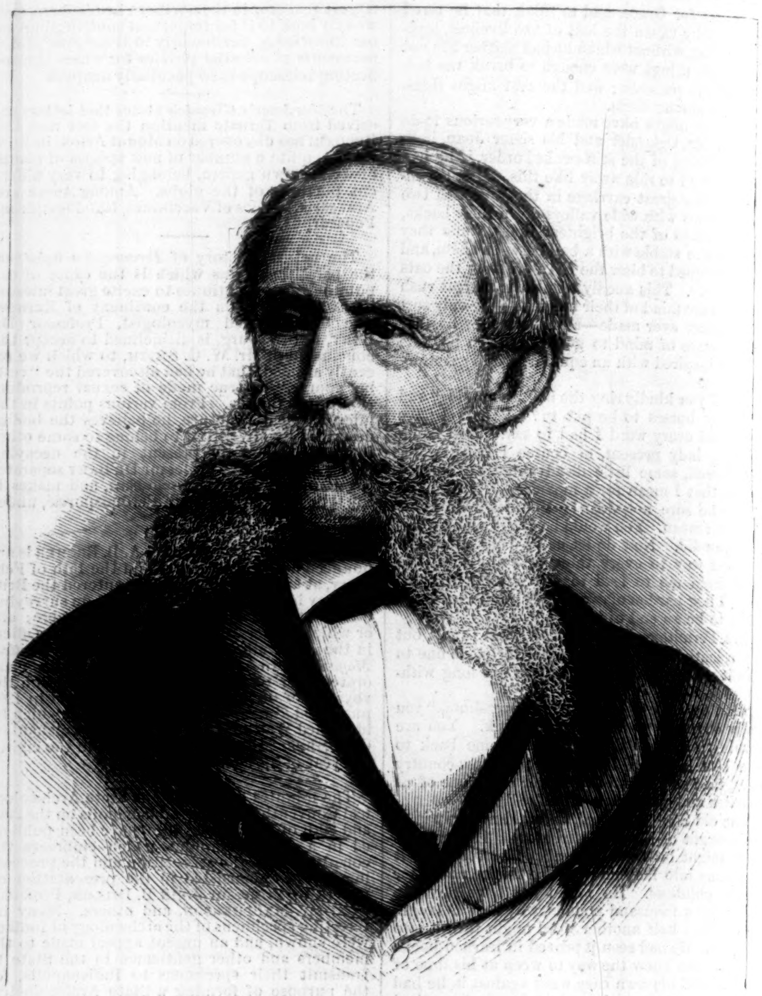
In the recent report of the State Geologist of New Jersey some facts are mentioned which show the danger of using water from wells exposed to contaminating influences. The water from nine wells in Princeton was analyzed, and it was ascertained that five of them contained free ammonia, albuminous matter, and chlorides in excess; and in tracing the effects of these waters it was found that in almost all cases diarrhea and typhoidal fevers accompanied their use. It is scarcely possible that the water of any well can be pure when it is surrounded by houses whose drains empty into the contiguous soil.

French newspapers report that a valuable picture has been discovered in a church at Launoy. It is believed to be by Vandyck. It was rolled up for a number of years in a corner of the belfry. When it was taken out, the beauty of the coloring was remarked, and after a hasty cleaning its value became apparent.

That love laughs at difficulties the romantic story of two youthful elopers from Alabama proves. They both belonged to highly respectable families, but the bride's father was unalterably opposed to the match. So the lovers resolved to take the train for Selma, where they hoped to be united. But on arriving at the station they found the train gone; so they concluded to drive on to Manack, and thus evade pursuers. The Tallawassee Creek intervened, and was fearfully swollen. In attempting to cross, the coming bridegroom's two horses were drowned, and the bride-apparent barely escaped a watery grave, having twice gone beneath. But this difficulty was surmounted, the party reached Manack, and, after the bride had donned the dress of a kind hostess, the happy couple took a fresh start for Selma, where they arrived in due season. But the young lady's age was scarcely sixteen, and no license could be procured, and ministers and justices of the peace would not marry them. So the young couple, nothing daunted, took the night train to Columbus, Georgia, where no impediments arose, and they were duly married.



THE HON. J. R. HAWLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.
[Photographed by Taylor & Brown.]



JOHN WELSH, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF FINANCE.
[Photographed by F. Gutekunst.]

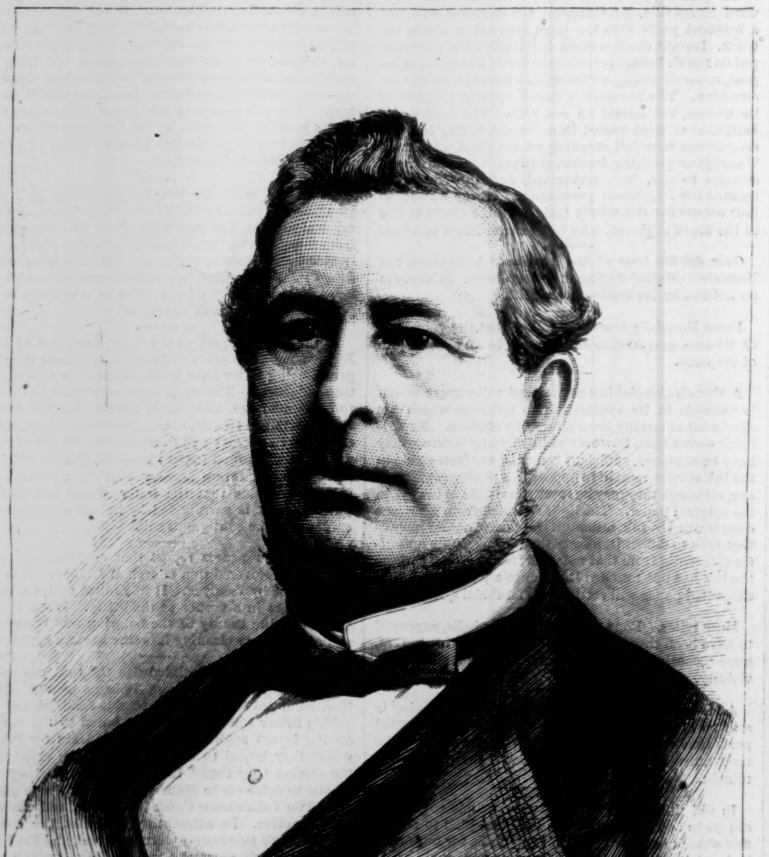
CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONERS.

We give on this page the portraits of some of the leading members of the Centennial Commission. The President, the Hon. **Joseph R. Hawley**, of Connecticut, has passed many years in public service. He was born in North Carolina in 1826, and was taken by his parents, at the age of eleven, to Connecticut, so that that State may fairly claim him as her own. As Governor, as member of Congress, as a soldier in the Union army, he has achieved an honorable reputation for ability, bravery, and administrative capacity. On the organization of the Centennial Commission, in 1871, he was elected its President. He has been re-elected to this position each succeeding year.

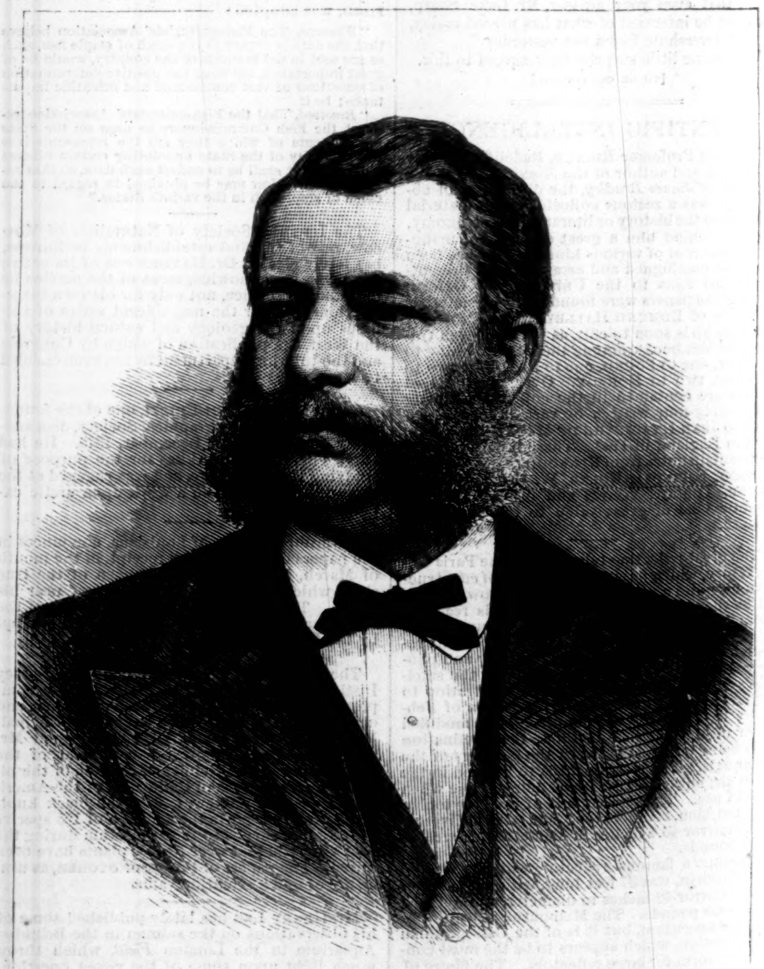
To Mr. **John Welsh**, President of the Centennial Board of Finance, is due much of the credit for the energetic manner in which the affairs of the Exhibition have been pushed forward. He is a native of Philadelphia, in which city he was born in 1805. A successful and honorable man of business, he has been for many years identified with the interests of Philadelphia, and enjoys the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens. For the past two years he has devoted his whole time to the affairs of the Exhibition.

The Hon. **Daniel J. Morrell**, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Centennial Commission, is an eminent and successful manufacturer of Pennsylvania. He was born in Berwick, Maine, in 1821, on a farm on which his ancestors settled more than a century ago. His parents belonged to the Society of Friends, and he has always adhered to the religious training of his youth. In 1837 Mr. **Morrell** removed to Pennsylvania to better his fortunes, and by industry, energy, and upright dealings rose from the position of a clerk in a mercantile house to one of independence and importance. Since 1855 Mr. **Morrell** has resided in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. He has been twice elected to Congress.

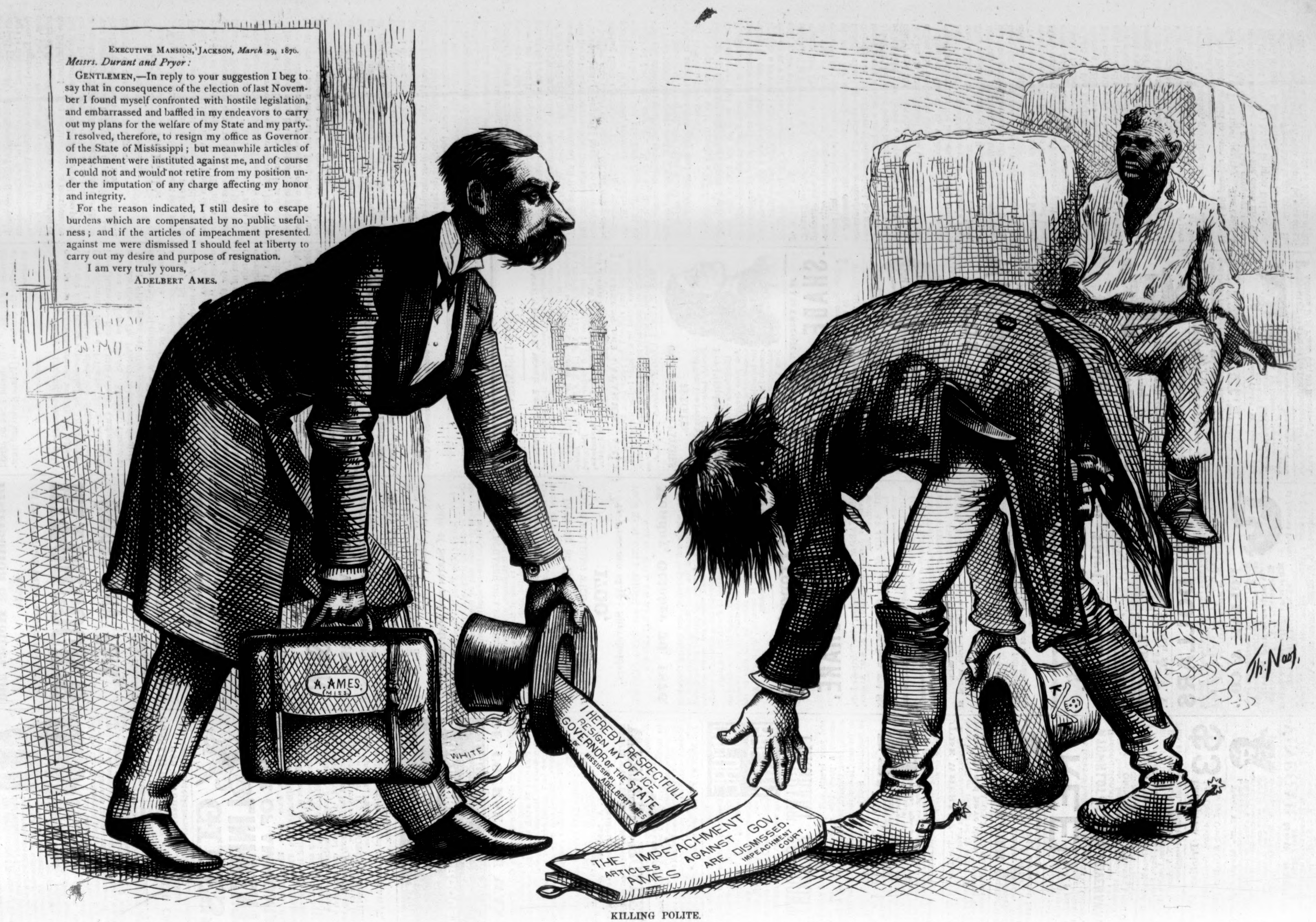
Alfred T. Goshorn, Director-General of the Exhibition, is a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was born in 1834. He was admitted to the bar, after graduating at Hamilton College, but left his profession to engage in manufacturing, becoming the proprietor of extensive white-lead works in Cincinnati. In 1873 he was appointed to his present position on the Centennial Commission, and at once entered upon its responsible duties with great energy. All the details of the machinery of the Exhibition have been carried out under his admirable and sagacious supervision.



THE HON. DANIEL J. MORRELL, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
[Photographed by Taylor & Brown.]



A. T. GOSHORN, DIRECTOR-GENERAL.
[Photographed by F. Gutekunst.]



A. AMES
(MISS.)
WHITE
I HEREBY RESPECTFULLY RESIGN MY OFFICE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI ADELBERT AMES
THE IMPEACHMENT ARTICLES AGAINST GOV. AMES ARE DISMISSED. IMPEACHMENT COURT.
K K
Th: Nast.

Executive Mansion, Jackson, *March 29, 1876.*

Messrs. Durant and Pryor:

Gentlemen,—In reply to your suggestion I beg to say that in consequence of the election of last November I found myself confronted with hostile legislation, and embarrassed and baffled in my endeavors to carry out my plans for the welfare of my State and my party. I resolved, therefore, to resign my office as Governor of the State of Mississippi; but meanwhile articles of impeachment were instituted against me, and of course I could not and would not retire from my position under the imputation of any charge affecting my honor and integrity.

For the reason indicated, I still desire to escape burdens which are compensated by no public usefulness; and if the articles of impeachment presented against me were dismissed I should feel at liberty to carry out my desire and purpose of resignation.

I am very truly yours,

Adelbert Ames.

KILLING POLITE.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE *HAS KILLED* ITSELF BY WITHDRAWING THE IMPEACHMENT, AND THE GOVERNOR *HAS KILLED* HIMSELF BY RESIGNING HIS OFFICE.

ENGLISH COTTAGES.

ON page 344 will be found a sketch of the pretty and unique cottages erected by the British government on one of the best sites in the Centennial grounds. The largest of the three buildings is destined for the offices of the Commissions from England and the various British dependencies, the other two as the residences of the members of the staff on duty in the British portion of the Exhibition. The architecture is inexpensive but picturesque—the half-timbered style so popular in England during the sixteenth century. It is essentially English in character, and the choice was therefore most happy and appropriate. The buildings will form one of the most attractive features of the Centennial grounds.

SKETCHES IN INDIA.

WE give the whole of our Supplement this week to illustrations of the adventures of the Prince of Wales while on a recent hunting expedition in the Terai. Sir JUNG BAHADOR, upon whom devolved the duty of entertaining his Royal Highness during the visit of the latter to Nepaul, was resolved that the Prince should enjoy to the full the pleasures of tiger-killing; "And not only," says the correspondent of the London *Times*, "is Sir JUNG a man whose resolutions are thorough, but when he means tiger-killing, he sees that it is done."

In accordance with his directions, the preparations for the tiger hunt were made on a most colossal scale; not a mile in the jungle was left unguarded or unbeaten, and on one occasion eight hundred elephants were in the field. The first illustration gives an idea of the imposing appearance of the party as, drawn up in line, they attack the unfortunate beast, which seems utterly puny and insignificant when compared to the army of monstrous animals employed to assist in destroying him. Twenty-eight tigers in all were killed during the whole expedition, and the majority of them by the Prince himself, all parties being desirous that the royal visitor should enjoy, if possible, the honor of discharging the fatal shot, and forbearing to shoot, themselves, unless the prey was beyond the range of the Prince's gun.

In certain parts of India tiger-hunting is done on foot, but in the Terai all sorts of difficult places have to be traversed, where it would be impossible for a human being to pass alone. The long jungle grass is at times about twenty feet high, and close to the ground each stalk is like a strong cane, so that it requires the strength of an elephant to force a way through such a growth. In some parts the ground is wet and soft, and the feet of the animal sink into it at once. When a nullah, or water-course, is to be crossed, all these difficulties have to be encountered at the same spot, with the additional difficulty of having to descend into a hollow and climb up again on the other side. During these operations the howdah, where the sportsman is situated, assumes a variety of uncomfortable positions, standing frequently at an angle of forty-five degrees. With all their amiable and excellent qualities, elephants are not easy in their paces, however; and if it were not for the excitement of the sport, the rider would never be able to endure the unwieldy and eccentric manner in which they travel.

It would seem as if hunting a tiger upon the back of an elephant might be attended with very little danger; but such is not always the case. It sometimes happens that an elephant will lose his presence of mind and dignity of deportment when he comes suddenly upon a tiger, particularly if in a swamp; and the tiger, rather than face the open, will often charge upon both elephant and rider without hesitation. An instance of this kind is shown in the double-page engraving, where the Prince's own elephant was attacked by one of these savage beasts, which only succumbed to a good dose of powder and ball poured into his opened jaws. Also in crossing a nullah, where the elephant is at a disadvantage through the inequalities of his foot-hold, he sometimes starts a tiger who has wandered thither to drink. The great beast becomes excited as well as his rider; he shows a disposition to back suddenly, and the sportsman has need to be careful lest he be precipitated into the very jaws of the animal he desires to slay.

Another danger to which the hunter is exposed is shown in the last engraving. During a hunt for wild elephants one of the Prince's staff was chased by a vicious member of the herd. This elephant chanced to be one which had broken one of its tusks, a stump only remaining; but the gentleman had a narrow escape, having been for a moment almost within reach of the animal's trunk.

On one occasion the Prince arranged his party and started with Sir JUNG for the nearest beat. For hours they worked carefully every part of the cover, finding traces of the presence of tigers, but unable to discover the beasts themselves. After a halt in the afternoon, they went to a place where a "kill" was reported to have been seen. The elephants were carefully disposed in a circle, and presently a tigress was seen moving through the grass and trying to find a weak point in the living wall that encompassed her. Coming within range of the Prince's fire, she received five shots before she succumbed. On reaching the body, they found an unfortunate little cub seated upon it in great distress. The shikarees took the poor little beast to camp, where it remained by the carcass of its mother, growling defiance to all who ventured to approach.

The Prince is said to have enjoyed his visit to the jungles of Terai most heartily. The exciting sports of the daytime, and the evenings passed in sociable smoking around the camp fire, with no curious crowd to break in upon their retirement, formed a pleasant contrast to the elaborate entertainments offered him in the cities. He lived among the natives, with whom he was on excellent terms, and the regiments of soldiers about him seemed to be there for the purpose of doing him honor, rather than for the security of his person. His mahout, who appeared thoroughly frightened during one of the tiger hunts, excused himself by saying, "Why should I not be afraid of having the Shahzadah [Prince], who had trusted himself to me, hurt?"

THE huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills, constructed of crude, coarse, and bulky ingredients, are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-Coated Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules—the "Little Giant" Cathartic or *Multum in Parvo* Physic. Modern Chemical Science enables Dr. PIERCE to extract from the juices of the most valuable roots and herbs their active medicinal principles, which, when worked into little Pellets or Granules, *scarcely larger than mustard seed*, renders each little Pellet as active and powerful as a large pill, while they are much more palatable and pleasant in effect.

Dr. IRA A. THAYER, of Baconsburg, Ohio, writes: "I regard your Pellets as the best remedy for the conditions for which you prescribe them of any thing I have ever used, so mild and certain in effect, and leaving the bowels in an excellent condition. It seems to me they must take the place of all other cathartic pills and medicines."

LYON & MACOMBER, druggists, Vermillion, D. T., say: "We think they are going to sell like hot cakes as soon as people get acquainted with them, and will spoil the pill trade, as those that have used them like them much better than large pills."—[*Com.*]

COUGHS and Colds.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"—[*Com.*]

SAVE YOUR HAIR.—If you wish to save your hair, and keep it strong and healthy, use BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—[*Com.*]

CREME BLANCHE—Magic beautifier for the complexion. Perfectly harmless. Best in the World. $1 00 per box. L. SHAW, 54 West 14th St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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CONSUMPTION, Weak Lungs, Throat diseases, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Mental and Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Flesh, and Appetite, and all diseases arising from Poverty of the Blood, promptly and radically cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA. *Established* 1858. Prices $1 and $2 per bottle. Prepared only by **WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 36 John St., New York.** Sold by Druggists.

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And Tan. Use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.
For Pimples on the Face,
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of the Manufacturers. Close buyers are invited to our large stock for the spring trade. Our new style of imitation Swiss Lace Shade, in which we combine the Gold band, makes a shade and lace curtain in one, and at a price within reach of all.
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CAGE AWNING
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SUN, WIND, & RAIN.
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Separated only by the railroad track from Hon. A. T. Stewart's Garden City, which is beyond doubt the
Greatest Real Estate Enterprise Known.

Shares, $100 Each,
Payable $8 Monthly,
Subject to a Discount of FIVE PER CENT., if CASH in Full is Paid at TIME of PURCHASING.

Each Shareholder will have One Lot,
WHILE THE MOST FORTUNATE ONE WILL RECEIVE A
$10,000 MANSION
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Of the BEST LAND on the MAIN STREET, and but two blocks from the Railroad Station

Every Lot is Healthy and Desirable,
The only differences in their values being their nearness to the depot on this property and the choice of streets where located.

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By the laws of New York it is legal to distribute by drawing among the purchasers of shares in real estate the property comprised in the undertaking, and we have set aside the lots hereinafter mentioned for such purpose.

EACH PURCHASER OF A SHARE, upon the payment of the first installment, will receive a certificate entitling him or her to one of the lots or plots mentioned in the annexed list upon the full payment of the One Hundred Dollars, either in weekly or monthly installments, or cash down, as the purchaser may elect, the location of each purchaser's property to be determined by a

Drawing at Third Avenue Theatre,
WHICH BUILDING WILL COMFORTABLY SEAT
1700,
In Presence of the Shareholders,
TO WHICH ONLY THOSE SHOWING CERTIFICATES WILL BE ADMITTED ON
Monday, October 30, 1876.

Two wheels will be provided—one holding the names of shareholders and the other holding the numbers of the plots and lots. A name and number will be drawn simultaneously until both wheels are empty and the awards called, each shareholder being entitled to whichever his number designates as shown on the map.

No shareholder's name can enter into the distribution unless his or her payments shall amount to twenty-five dollars on each share taken by the date of the distribution. This rule is essential to preserve good faith between the shareholders.

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AT THE UNIFORM PRICE OF
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ONE AWARD of Large Mansion, with Thirty-six Lots, corner of Jericho Boulevard and Stewart Avenue, worth $10,000.
ONE AWARD of Large Slat-Roof Barn and Six Lots, corner of Stewart Avenue and First Street, worth $3000.
THREE AWARDS of New Two-Story Cottages and Lots, worth $1000 each.
SEVEN AWARDS of Sixteen Lot Plots, at $1000 each.
TEN AWARDS of Eight Lot Plots, valued at $500 each.
TEN AWARDS of Four Lot Plots, valued at $500 each.
FIFTY AWARDS of Lots, valued at $250 each.
THREE HUNDRED AWARDS of Lots, valued at $150 each.
FIFTY AWARDS of Lots, valued at $130 each.
FIFTY AWARDS of Lots, valued at $120 each.
FIVE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN AWARDS of Lots, valued at $100 each.
EACH SHAREHOLDER will receive a full Covenant Warranty Deed for the Lot or Lots awarded, upon the completion of the payments.

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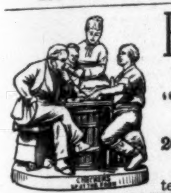

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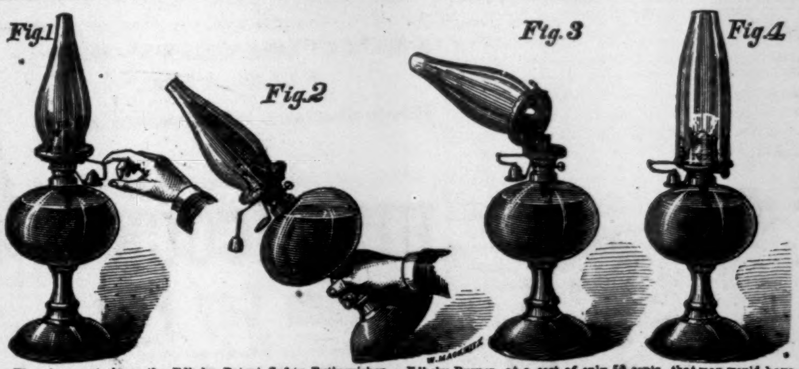

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Fig. 1 shows a lighted lamp being *extinguished at bed time* by the person using it. Fig. 2 shows the same lamp being partly overturned and extinguished by the weight dropping off the shelf and throwing the Sleeve up, as shown inside the chimney in the cut. This would *always happen*, in case the lamp was *accidentally upset*, thus, rendering it *impossible* to overturn the Lamp without *putting out the light* before it can *break*, and the oil *take fire*.

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No. 2. About October 1, 1875, a young gardener and wife, living in Minneapolis, Minn., were assorting seeds, and had their lighted lamp sitting on a box. He accidentally struck his foot against the box, knocking the lamp off; it broke, the oil took fire, exploded, flew all over the room, so that they barely escaped with their lives. The house burned to the ground, and with it, $1,500 in greenbacks, which he had in his bureau. If their lamp had been supplied with an Edholm Burner, at a cost of only 50 cents, that man would have been *at least $1,500 better off to-day.*

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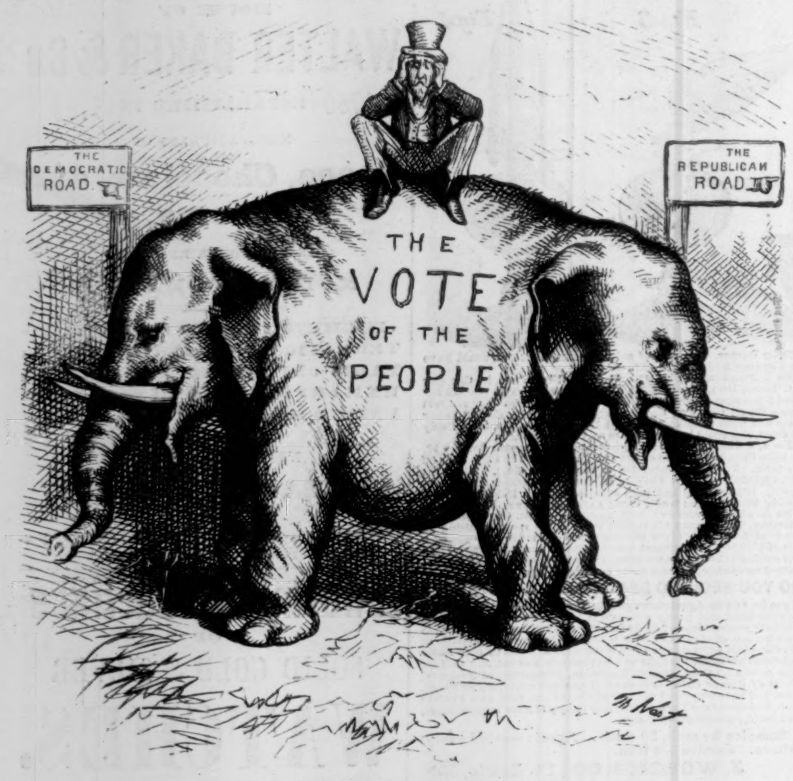

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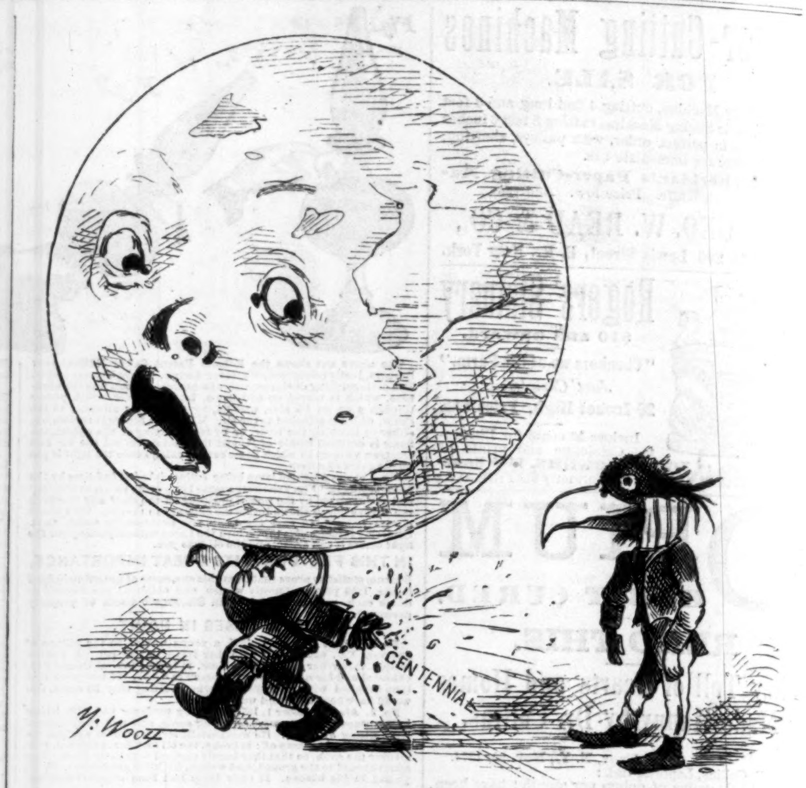

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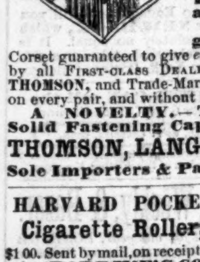

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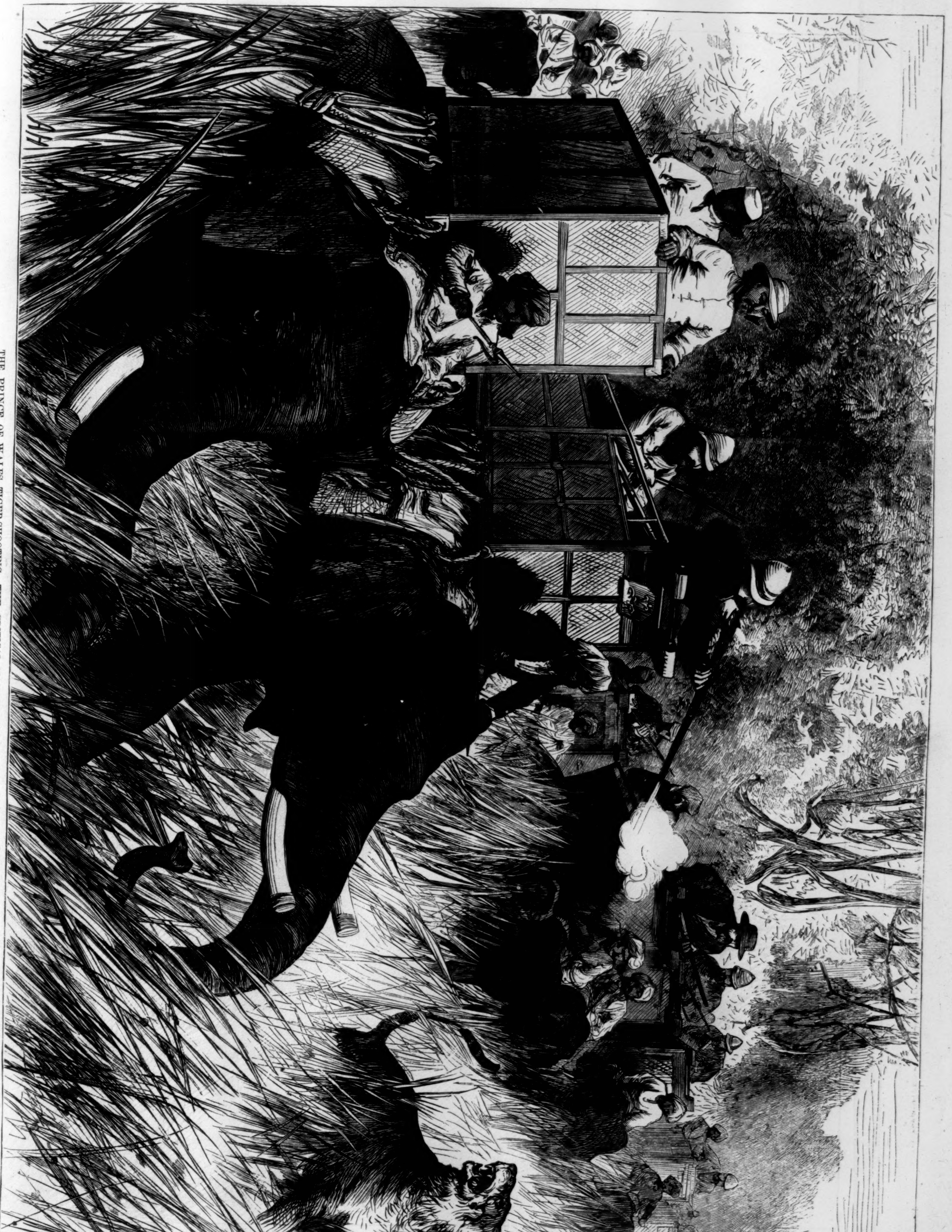

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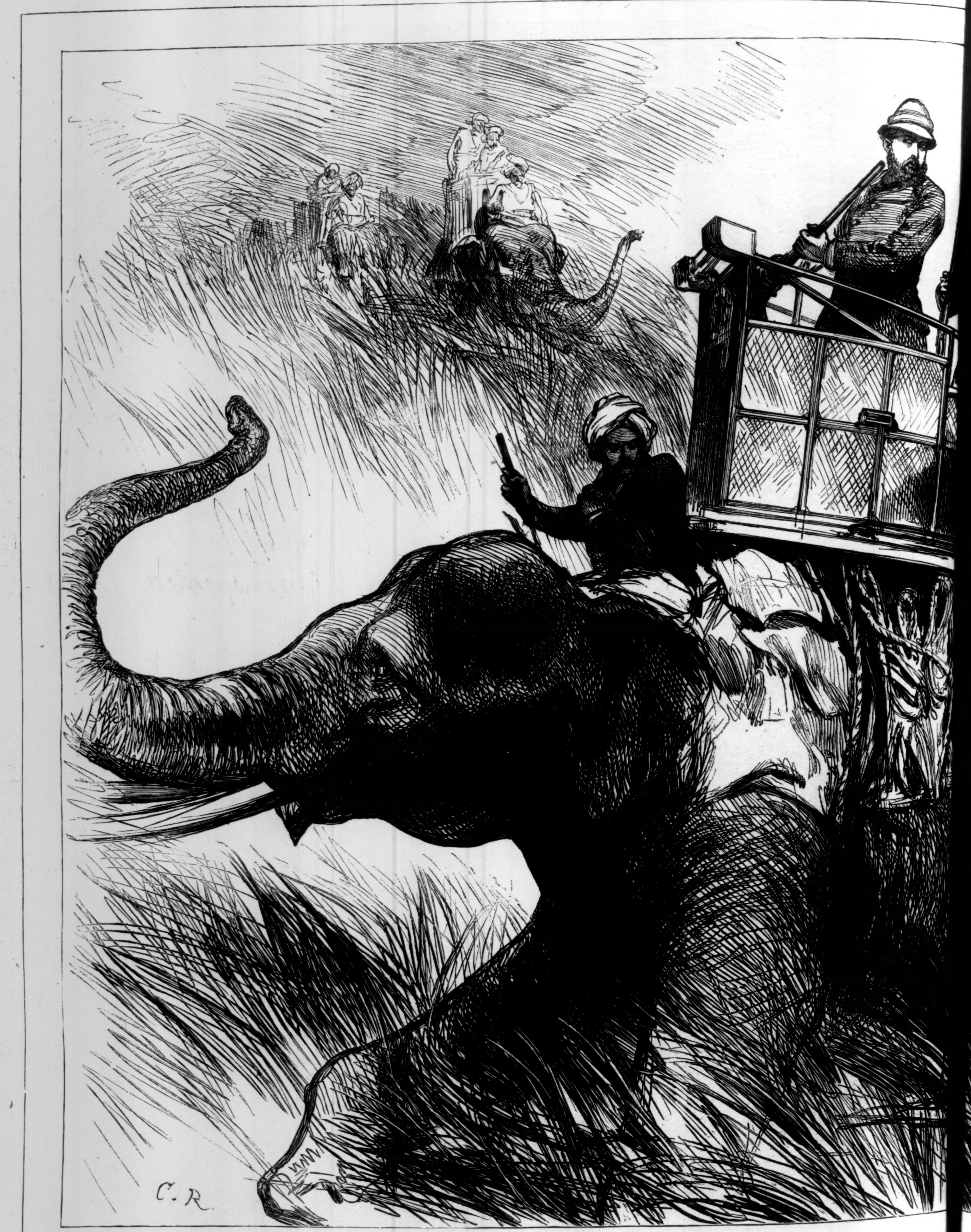

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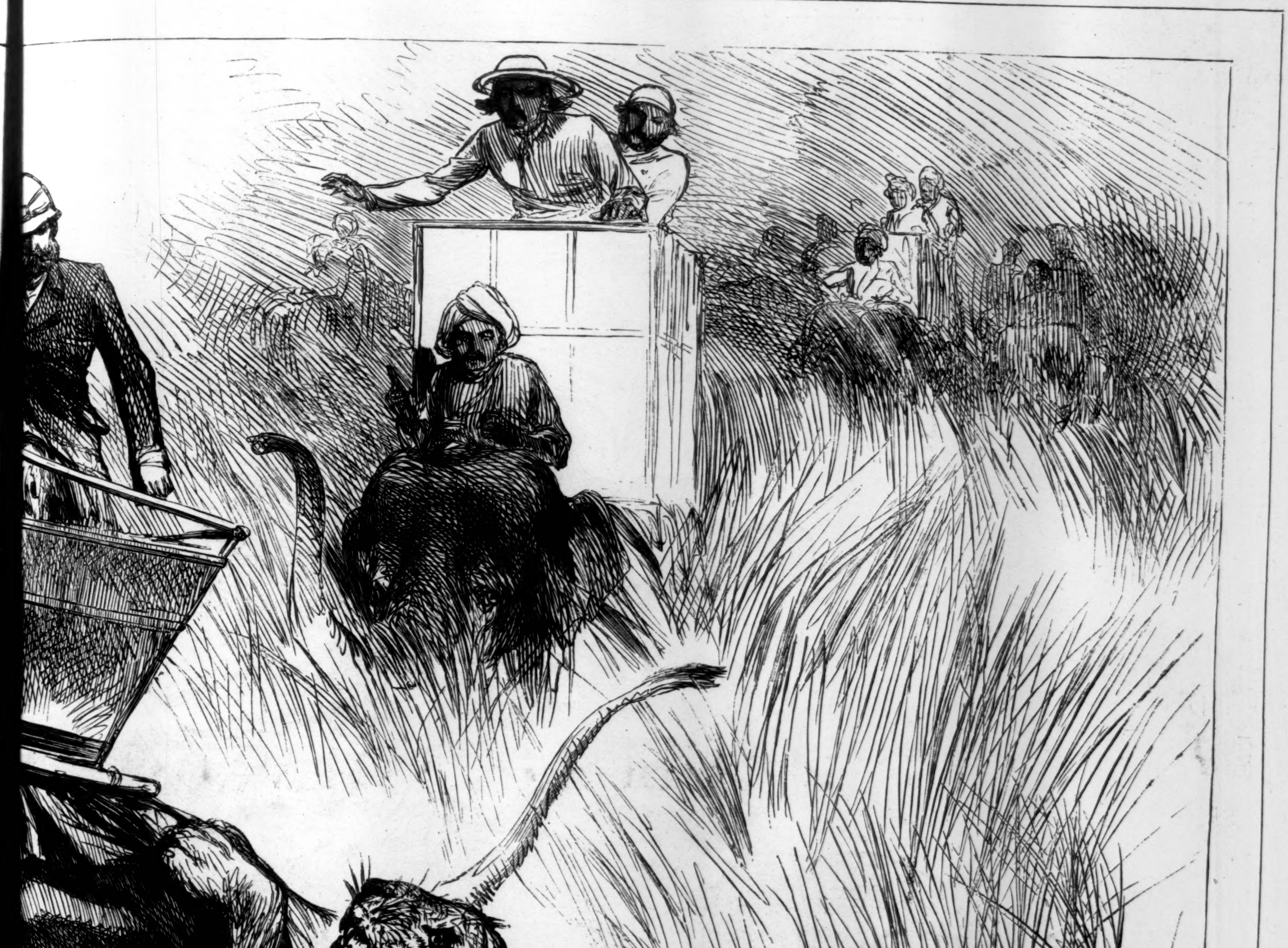

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